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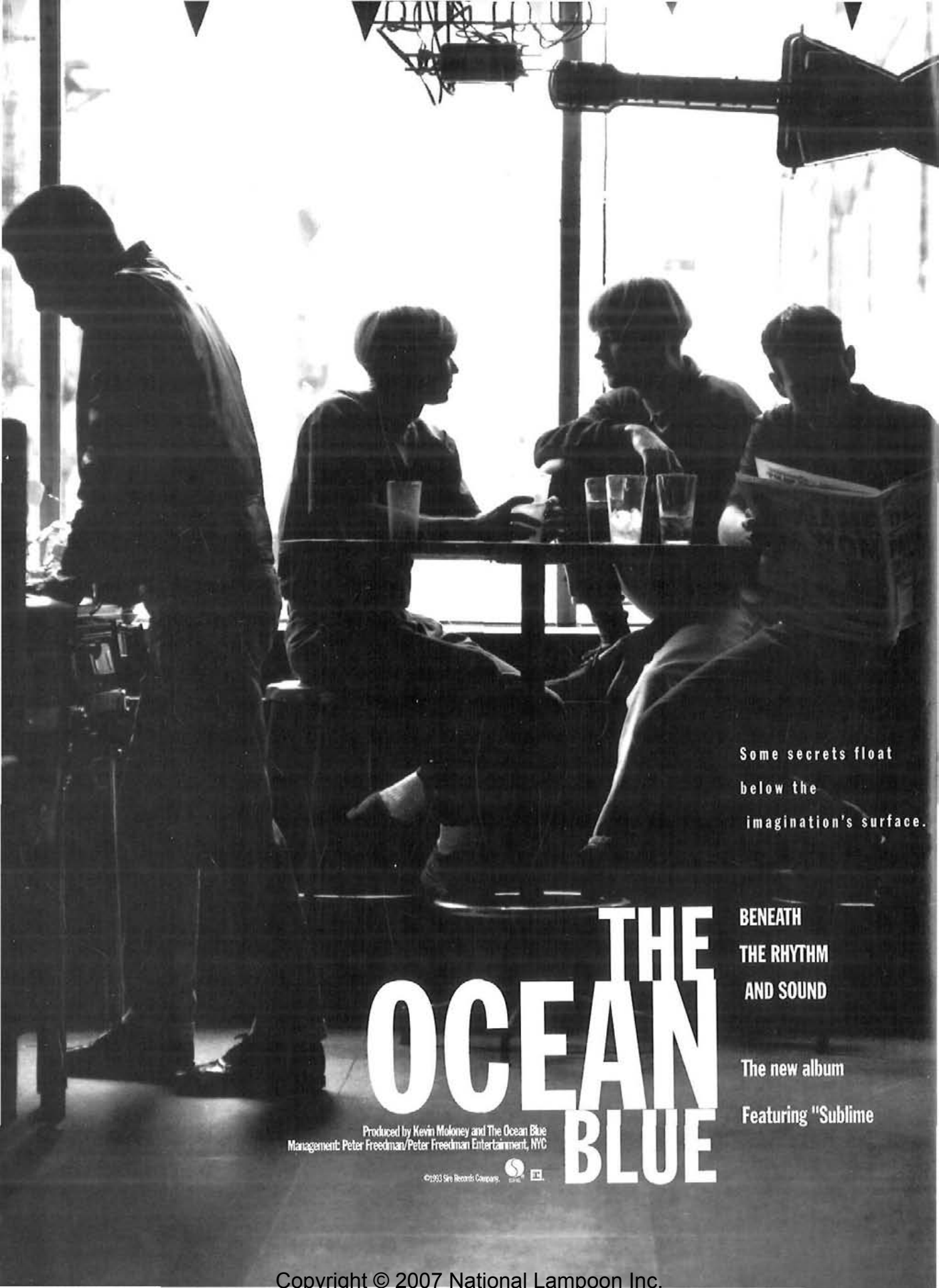
FREE
RHONDA
SHEAR
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FREE
HOWARD
STERN
INTERVIEW

NATIONAL LAMPOON



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below the
imagination's surface.

THE OCEAN BLUE

**BENEATH
THE RHYTHM
AND SOUND**

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Produced by Kevin Moloney and The Ocean Blue
Management: Peter Freedman/Peter Freedman Entertainment, NYC

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TABLE OF SEMI-VALUABLE CONTENTS

True Material

HOWARD STERN, INTERVIEW	... 13
GALLAGHER, INTERVIEW	... 25
TRUE FACTS	... 56
COURT JESTER	... 60
EYE ON BERKELEY	... 62

Questionable Material

GOATEE & PONYTAIL MAGAZINE	... 29
101 GOOD THINGS... BEING DEAD	... 16
ASK DR. KEVORKIAN	... 8
BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DIETS	... 48
MAD WILLS	... 45

— SPECIAL THANKS —

JODY JIMIRRO, TERRY WHITLEY, HOWIE & EILEEN AT SIRE RECORDS, GEORGE AND ALL THE INTERNS
WHO DIED DURING THE PRODUCTION OF THIS ISSUE.

— A SPECIAL NO THANKS —

GAIL BLOCK, GOLDEN GATE CLEANERS, THE COW'S END

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

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LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS



Sirs:

You want to know how to score with a Hindu chick? Put your tongue in her ear. It drives em' nuts!

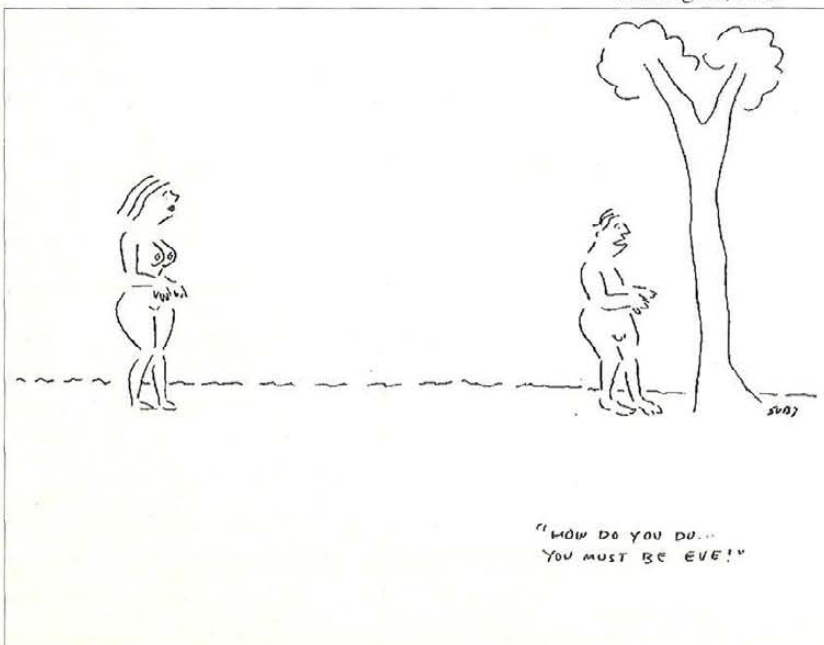
Gandhi's Diary
Page 37

Sirs:

I find the preceding letter to be sophomoric, offensive, and belittling to the women's movement. Please cancel my subscription.

Ike Turner
Los Angeles, CA

Senate Form Letter
Washington, D.C.



"HOW DO YOU DO...
YOU MUST BE EVE!"

Sirs:

As previously mentioned I am unaware of the said incident, occurring on the said date and at the said time; furthermore I have no recollection of the action in question occurring at the said place in question, either at said date, or at said time, or the said time occurring on the said date, or at the location in question. Nor do I have any recollection of the aforementioned location at the said time on the evening in question during the time preceding, concurring or immediately following the action in question, if such an action at such time did occur.

I presently categorically deny having any such knowledge of said action, at the said date and time or of the aforementioned location on the said date, during the time of the action in question.

However, if I did have such a recollection of such a memory of such date or said time, I am currently unaware of any such recollection at this time.

I hope this helped.

Sirs:

Believe me, it's not going to be your crowd. Really, you'd just have a lousy time. The only reason why we're going is because we promised the guy we'd be there, but we're just going for like fifteen minutes, and then were leaving. You'll have much more fun at home--trust me.

O.K, bye.

The Gore Sisters
*Blowing off Chelsea
on a Friday night*

Sirs:

If we live in a society where a guy can get sent to jail for forcing a 16-year-old to have sex with him, then I don't want to be "free." I'm out of order? No *you're* out of order, and you, and you, and you! This whole courtroom's out of order!

Mike Tyson
Blowing his appeal

Sirs:

Come to think of it, why don't *you* take her.

Parents of Baby Jessica
After all the hype

Sirs:

Let me take this opportunity to tell your younger readers a few words about our "friend," Barney the Dinosaur: The rat bastard doesn't have an original idea in that oversized head of his. Big dopey smile? I did it first. Deep lazy voice? Me. Giant purple ass? Who do you think?

Grimace
*Skid Row
McDonald Land USA*

Sirs:

Tie a yellow ribbon round the old oak tree!!!! Hey, now we're cookin'.... Hello, my baby, hello my darlin'... hello, my ragtime gal!!!..... Here's one.... I just gotta be me!!!!!!!!!! Thank you!!!

John Lee Hooker on Prozac
Blue-no-more Album
Mississippi

Sirs:

You know what my favorite part of this magazine has always been? The very back page where you fold it in half and hold it together and it makes some kind of wacky picture! Sometimes I laugh so hard I can't breathe!

Chet Cooper
National Lampoon Publisher

Sirs:

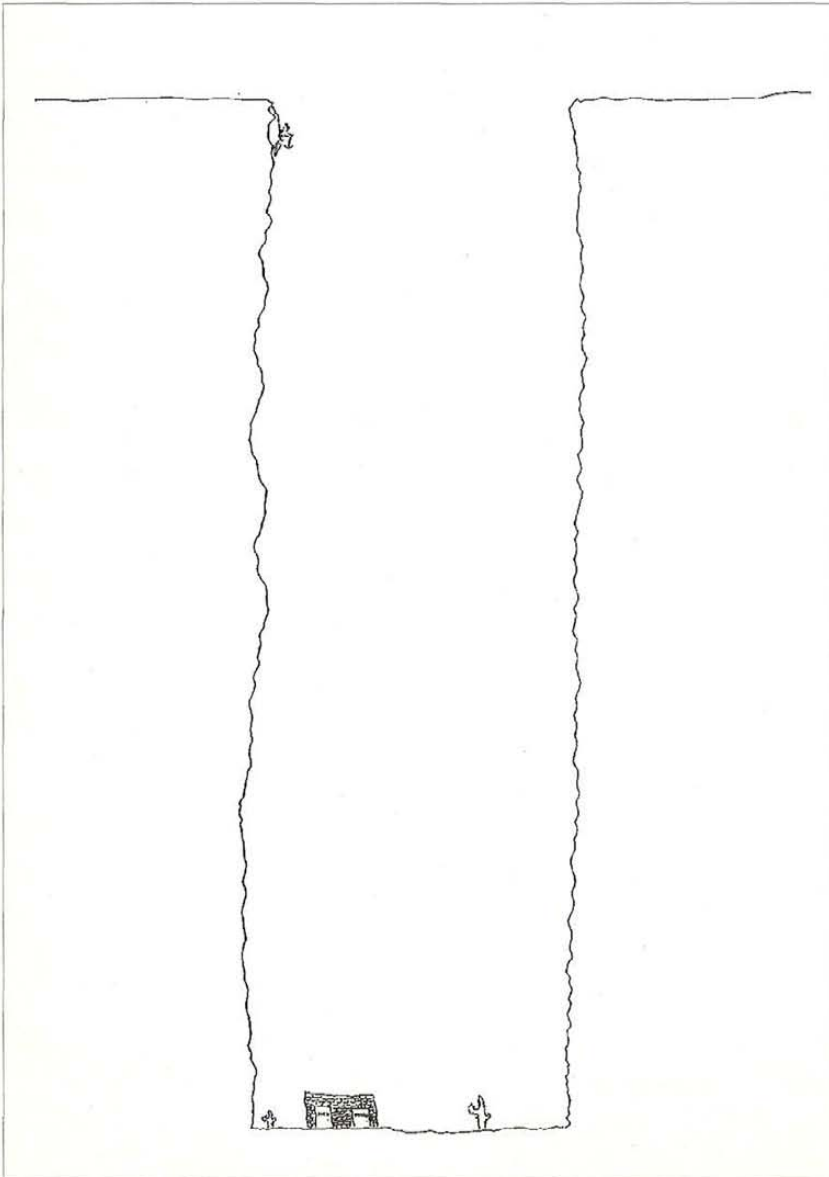
I'm worried about this lump in my left testicle. You don't think it's anything serious do you?

White Lab Rat
M.I.T., Cambridge, Ma.

Sirs:

Is it safe to come out now?

Charles Barkly's Dad
A chicken farm in Mexico



Sirs:

We will now entertain questions on the subject of sexual harassment:

Q: I complimented a female co-worker on her outfit. Is that sexual harassment?

A: Not the first time.

Q: I asked a female co-worker out on a date. Is that sexual harassment?

A: Not the first time.

Q: I told Maria, the undocumented Salvadoran who works in my building, that I would call Immigration if she didn't have sex with me. Is that sexual harassment?

A: Not the first time.

The U.S. Supreme Court
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Speechless in Seattle

Sirs:

Can't we all get a lawn?

Rodney King
Doing endorsements
for John Deere

Sirs:

Why can't we have a show? We're special. We all have sideburns.

Student Body
Baldwin Hills, 90232

Sirs:

Sorry, you're caller number eight. Sorry, you're caller number nine. Sorry, you're caller number eleven. Sorry, you're caller number twelve....

You favorite radio station
Looking for the tenth caller

Sirs:

Thank You. Please come again.

Heidi Fleiss
Court Testimony

Sirs:
Will you have sex WITH me?
Will YOU have sex with me?
Will you have sex with ME?
Will you have SEX with me?

Joe College
*Practicing in front of a mirror
for his first sorority party.*

Sirs:
no
No
nO
NO

Cindy Sorority
Preparing her answer

Sirs:
I steal from the rich and I give to the
po'
Hang wit the crew and bang my ho'.
Shoot my arrows and don't give a
damn
'Bout no narrow-ass sheriff of
Nottingham.
Robin Hood
The Fresh Prince of Thieves

Sirs:
Welcome to Jack in the Box.
May I take your order?

Erik Estrada
Anson Williams
Donnie Most

Sirs:
Hey, how about a 'Battlestar
Galactica: The Next Generation?'
I'm running out of money.

Dirk Benedict

Sirs:
I should have asked for credit
cards. Thirty pieces of silver won't
buy doodly down here.

Judas Iscariot
Hell, 90210

Sirs:
Madonna seduces young
boys and grabs her crotch, but touch
'lil Mikey' and now I'm a "pervert."

Michael Jackson

Sirs:
I would like to express my
concern about all the starving children
in Africa we see all the time on T.V.
Why don't they just eat all those flies
buzzing around? If you add a little
ketchup and pepper on the wings,
they're not half-bad.

Sally Struthers
At a Sara Lee Convention

Sirs:
If you were really hungry, I
mean starving, would you eat a porky
blonde white woman stuffing her face
with fly wings, or would you just try
and ignore her?

Starving Children
A Village in West Africa

Sirs:
For the records, I have never
at any time received any kind of ser-

vices from Heidi Fleiss or any of her
"associates." Besides, the broad
didn't even know how to fire a gun.

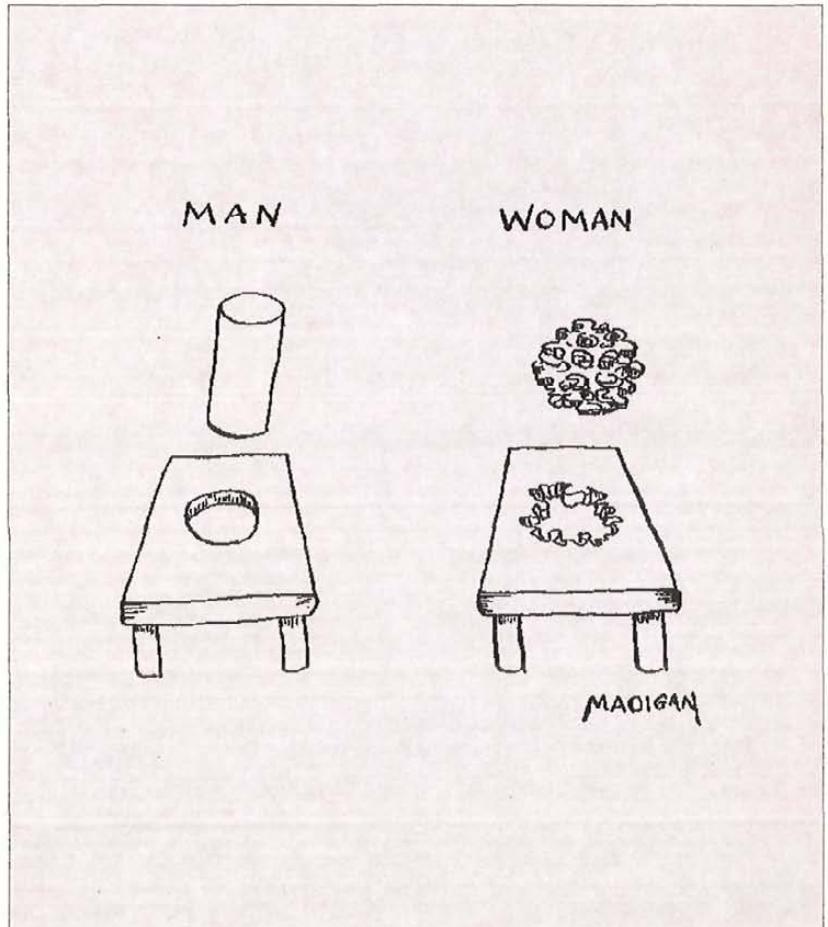
Joey Buttafucio
At Mary Jo's Good Side

Sirs:
Do you think I enjoy having
him slip his fingers into me all the
time, and making me grab his crotch?
You'd think he was a ball player!

Michael Jackson's Glove

Sirs:
If you stand on a street cor-
ner for more than two hours at a time
without moving, would you be consid-
ered a homeless vagrant or a mime?

The Admissions Board
*High School of the
Performing Arts*



Ask Dr. Kevorkian



Dear Dr. Jack,

Lately I've been experiencing a slight, steady ache in the back of my ankles while I'm jogging. My husband, who is a physical therapist, attributes this phenomenon to my running shoes. Could this be correct?

K.T.
Irvine, CA

Dear K.T.,

Maybe it is and maybe it isn't. To be perfectly honest, I haven't the foggiest. I think you are missing the important issue: No one has the right to deprive you of the inevitable peace that only death can bring. Combine 2.5 grams of DEXTROPROPOXYPHENE HYDROCHLORIDE with ten ounces of club soda. If you don't have DEXTROPROPOXYPHENE HYDROCHLORIDE, then use 3 grams of HYDROXYZINE DIHYDROCHLORIDE instead. Now take a hearty nap.

Dear Dr. Jack,

I was hoping you could settle a little bet between me and my wife: what is the French word for "Overture"?

Just Curious
Burlington, Vt.

Dear Curious,

Car exhaust inhalation is a popular means of self deliverance for couples who wish to go together. The important thing to remember is to let the engine idle for at least two hours

in a WELL SEALED GARAGE before sitting down.

Dr. Jack,

I, for one, happen to think that it was incredibly irresponsible of you to advise a thirty five-year-old mother of three to commit suicide because she was feeling "a bit depressed." Did it ever occur to you that people have a tendency to snap out of depression? I think you are a miserable old man who should be sent to prison.

Former Victim of Depression
Longview, Texas

Dear Former Victim of Depression,
Eat It.

Dear Dr. Jack,

I am dating a divorced woman in the Boston area. She has the most delightful little girl who suffers from a hearing disability. I would like to spend some quality time with the girl, but am not sure where to take her. Are there any museums or parks that specialize in children with disabilities?

R.L.
Boston

Dear R.L.,

Secure a plastic bag around her neck and instruct her to take a series of deep breaths. As she uses up OXYGEN in the air, it will be replaced by CARBON DIOXIDE and NITROGEN. Human beings cannot live on carbon dioxide and nitrogen alone. Once unconsciousness is achieved, LEAVE THE BAG OVER THE PATIENT'S HEAD and keep it there until breathing stops.

Dear Dr. Jack,

There's this really cute guy in my driver's education class. All the girls think he's gorgeous and I'd like to get to know him better, but I'm kind of self-conscious because of my

slight weight problem and acne. Am I being silly?

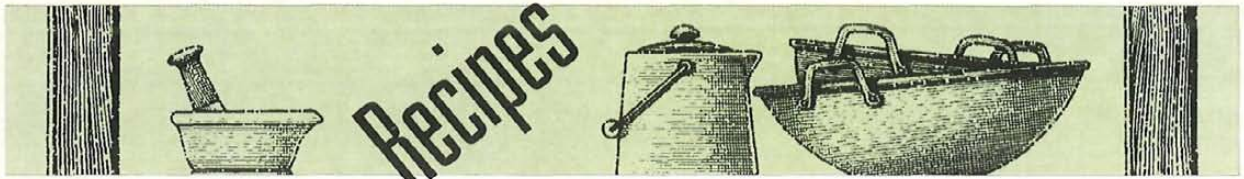
Hopeless
Sacramento

Dear "Hopeless",

Of course you're being silly. What you are going through right now is something called an AWKWARD STAGE. Don't worry, it will pass. As far as this boy is concerned, it sounds to me like a crush. Sure it hurts. That's why they call them crushes. But I'd be willing to bet my medical degree that you've got more INNER BEAUTY than all of those other girls put together, and it's just a matter of time before some lucky boy will come along and see it.

On the other hand, the majority of teenage boys aren't capable of looking at a FAT GIRL WITH NASTY ZITS long enough to see her "INNER BEAUTY." Therefore, death is the sensible alternative. So the next time you feel helpless, go see your doctor and tell him that you're sick and tired of being such a big fat tub of lard. Tell him that you've tried every over-the-counter diet available and all they do is make you hungrier. If he's at all sympathetic, he'll give you some AMPHETAMINES. Now, triple the dosage, and wash it down with a quart of your PARENTS' GIN. And don't bother trying to tell mom and dad about this either. All they want is for you to get good grades and go to medical school so they can brag to their friends at the country club.





TROUBLE

- 17 Marines
- 1 Generic Southern Tavern
- 1 Case of Jim Beam
- 10 Flamboyant Homosexuals
- 2 Kegs of Rolling Rock
- 10 Marine Costumes

An hour before you'd like trouble, mix 17 marines, 1 case of Jim Beam and 2 kegs of Rolling Rock in generic southern tavern. Wait sixty minutes and tell 10 flamboyant homosexuals that there is a costume party at generic southern tavern, where everyone is going to dress up like marines. Blend flamboyant homosexuals with marine outfits and add to southern tavern.

HALF-HOUR SITCOM

- 1 "Hip" Father
- 1 Token Minority
- 1 Frigid Mother
- 1 Conflict
- 2 Wise-Cracking Teens
- 6 lines Pertaining to Parents' Sex Life
- 1 Adorable Child
- 1 Solution to Conflict
- 1 Horny Neighbor
- 1 Gimmick

Put hip father, frigid mother, 2 wise-cracking teens, adorable child, 3 sex-life jokes and gimmick on videotape. Blend evenly. Let sit for five minutes. Add conflict. Let simmer for ten minutes. Sprinkle in horny neighbor and token minority.* Let rest for eight minutes. Add solution and enjoy. Serves 2.5 million homes.

NOTE: Use humor sparingly with adorable child, since she is so adorable no one will care what she's saying.

***WARNING:** ACCIDENTALLY CASTING TOKEN MINORITY AS HORNY NEIGHBOR MAY RESULT IN SERIOUS DAMAGE. MIX IN SEPARATE BOWLS.

UNNECESSARY MOVIE

- 1 Former "Saturday Night Live" Cast member
- 1 Fifteen-Year-Old Mildly Amusing Skit
- 1 Lorne Michaels
- 1 Phone Call

Allow former cast member to sit for four years. Add phone call and Lorne Michaels. Blend in fifteen-year-old skit. Allow thirty minutes to simmer and enjoy results.

by Jason Ward



I found out what's wrong with me

Al Wescott

Last night I reviewed the condition of my condition, and I have found the reasons that I am the way I am.

These things are difficult for me to admit and I ask that you have pity on me, because it's really not my fault.

As a child, I was never raped by my father.

And the worst part is that my Grandmother, Grandfather, Aunts, Uncles, Cousins, Brothers and my Mother never raped me either. In fact, I was never raped by my whole damn family.

In the past 46 years I have never seen an alien, been carried off by an alien, given birth to an alien, nor hired an alien, illegal or otherwise, to do my housekeeping.

Both of my brothers are not gay and neither are their children. My son is a blatant heterosexual. His daughter is three-years-old and can't play the piano. And, to compound matters even more, he works for a living and his wife has a job, too.

I am not and I have never been 300 pounds overweight, and I don't have any statues that cry. I

eat my food; and--I'm embarrassed to admit it--but ... I don't throw it back up. I've never seen Jesus, Buddah, Mohammed or Elvis.

I'm not anorexical, bulemical, symbiotical, dyslexical, kinetical, diabetical, orthopedical, pyrotechnical or alphabetical.

I've never had an out-of-body experience, partied with Henry VIII, talked to Julius Caesar, seen The Virgin Mary or played guitar with Jimi Hendrix.

I've never had a Godly vision or hallucination...except that one time in '73 at the Dead show at Shoreline.

I've never been beaten by a cop, been to prison, beaten up a truck driver, seen a ghost, stolen a TV set, hijacked an

airplane, car-jacked an automobile, scooter-jacked a Harley or cracker-jacked a Wheat Thin.

I've never smuggled coke, smoke, cash, hash, heroin, heroines or Mexicans, and I've never been to Spain but I kinda like the Beatles.

Like I said, it's not my fault...I'm a product of yesterday's society.

Al Wescott, AKA The Ex-Sterninator, is a musician and almost single handlely responsible for nearly two million dollars of fines levied on Howard Stern by the FCC.



"I FORGET, CHIEF, ARE WE HERE TO KICK ASS OR KISS ASS?"

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NL1193

Bar Room Bets

You Can't Lose



AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS AND REAP FORTUNES WITH THESE BAR ROOM BETS YOU WILL ALWAYS WIN.

Bet a skeptic that he can't stand with his right leg and right shoulder pressed up against the wall and then raise both legs. It's an impossibility.

Bet some sucker you've got two U.S. coins in your hand totaling 10 cents - and one of them isn't a quarter. Sound impossible? Not really. Simply hold out two nickels. You win your bet because neither one of the coins is a quarter. Take the money and run!

Take a glass of water. Cover it with a hat and find yourself a sucker. Believe me, there are plenty of them out there. Now bet your sucker that

without touching the hat with your left hand, you can drink the glass of water underneath. Don't worry, your money is safe. Solution: Although you can't touch the hat with your left hand, there is still a way of moving it without losing your bet. YOU NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT USING YOUR RIGHT HAND! Pick up the hat with your right hand, drink the water, collect your money and get the hell out!

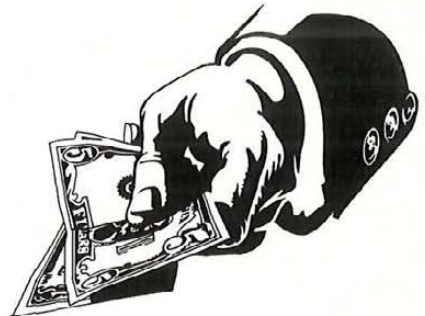
Here's a tricky one: Walk up to a group of unsuspecting victims and loudly announce that you will bet anyone \$10 that, provided with the following three pieces of information, you can guess their exact age:

1. Name
2. City of origin
3. Year of birth

Now pick a sucker from the

onslaught of volunteers, and awe the crowd by coming up with his/her EXACT AGE!

How it's done: The "Name" and "City of origin" information is not even needed in this bet. It's what we call a "Decoy Question" in the business. That means a question used to throw off your "mark." Take the year the person was born in and subtract it from the present year. The number you have left is the person's exact age.



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LOW SELF-ESTEEM TEST CHECK AND SEE IF YOU HAVE LOW SELF-ESTEEM

Question #1: Did you take this test?
a. Yes _____ b. No _____

Choose your Check Marks



SCORING:

If you were so unsure about your self-esteem to take this test, then you have low self-esteem. If you answered 'a' [Yes], then you have low self-esteem because you took this test. If you answered 'b' [No], then you are a liar. How could you answer the question without taking the test? Many people lie to cover their own inadequacies. You are a liar. Therefore, you try to cover your inadequacies. If you had any confidence in yourself, you would admit that you are inadequate. You obviously don't have any confidence. Therefore, you have low self-esteem.

Please see Dr. Kevorkian's column.

FCC APPROVED

JR: Howard, what's your favorite holiday, and how do you celebrate it?

HS: Holidays usually mean getting together with my family and having more [censored] thrown my way. My parents haven't changed: I'm still being raised like a veal. Now my wife keeps me like a veal---locked up in the house. She won't let me have any fun. But I don't celebrate holidays all that much, except at Christmas we hide the matzo.

JR: What was life like when you were a kid?

HS: My father had an incredible way of dealing with me by yelling at me and calling me an idiot. But maybe it's bad to tell your kids how wonderful every little bowel movement is; I see parents bronzing bowel movements. I think the reason I'm so happy to have any kind of success is to prove to my father that he was wrong.

JR: You're 6'5". What are the best and the worst things about being so tall?

HS: One of the worst things is having a small penis because your penis looks even smaller. I have a theory that mine is big; it's just that I'm so tall it looks small next to this big backdrop. The only good thing about being so tall is that a couple of

women breathe on my balls because they're so short. So when they walk up to me, that's nice.

JR: How's your sex life?



HS: I have a dual sex life: there's the one with my wife--I get sex about once or twice a month now. And the one I have on the radio, where I'm not allowed to really touch anybody, but I can do just about anything as far as a married guy can go. So I keep inventing different ways to have this

fantasy sex life: getting women up there so I can sketch them, getting women to do lesbian stuff in front of me, getting massages. I keep pushing the envelope, but I'm convinced that's not cheating. What do you think?

JR: No, I don't think so. Has your wife ever been in show business?

HS: My wife used to be a psychiatric social worker. She'd tell me what was wrong with all these mental cases that she worked on. The next day on the radio, I'd do it. Someone who burned their hands with cigarettes? I'd get on the air and say I was burning my hands with cigarettes. These are people who think that the radio's talking to them anyway, so they'd complain to her. After a while, she wouldn't tell me about her cases.

JR: You're so slim. Do you have to watch your weight?

HS: Oh, I was really fat. But I've lost 25 pounds on a weight-loss diet, eating 8 or 9 times a day. Today for breakfast at 5:30 I had 100 grams of shredded wheat, 8 oz. of yogurt, a half-cup of blueberries, two tablets of desiccated liver and two multi-vitamins. At 8 o'clock, I had 100 grams of brown rice, 50 grams of cauliflower and 4 oz. of turkey. For lunch, two hours later, I had 16 oz. of potatoes and 4 oz. of turkey. That's pretty much how the whole day goes. I eat every two hours, and I [censored] like an elephant.

JR: *How do you take care of that long hair of yours?*

HS: I have a whole hair routine. I condition and shampoo with special kinds of stuff. I have all sorts of grease I stick in it to make it straighter. Hair is very important to me. I lose that, I'm in big trouble. Think I'm sexy? Would you sleep with me?

JR: *I'm a married woman.*

HS: Forget about our marriages for a second.

JR: *What's the best story anyone ever told on your radio show?*

HS: My favorite is about Sam Kinison and Jessica Hahn, when they become lovers and started fighting on my show, and Jessica blurts out that Sam went to the bathroom all over the carpet. He must have been on amyl nitrites and coke and drinking all night. They make love, he gets up and takes a big dump all over the hotel-room floor. I guess he couldn't find the bathroom. And then Jessica cleans it up because she doesn't want the National Enquirer finding the sheets and puts them in front of somebody else's room.

JR: *Your show's on in the morning. How do you manage to get up so early?*

HS: I [censored] every night of the week because that's the only way I can get to sleep. I thought by the time I was 39 I'd stop doing it; it's really immature. But there's no end in sight as long as I have to get up at 4 in the morning because I have to go sleep at 8 at night. The only way I get to sleep is to [censored]. My wife is downstairs with the kids, so I'm like back in my parents' house hiding tissues.

JR: *Have you ever considered relocating to Los Angeles?*

HS: L.A. gets a little intense because a guy driving you in a cab or limo will be telling you about the last three pictures he worked on and that he's friends with Bob

I can't stand my nose. But I could have my lips made bigger to hide the size of my nose.

Goldthwait and has lunch with him every day. Everybody's in the business. L.A. is a little overwhelming. I guess that's why Herve Villechaize killed himself.

JR: *What's your most embarrassing moment?*

HS: Any time somebody sees my penis, that's pretty embarrassing. It's so small. I'm 6'5"; you'd think there'd be a big hose there, but there's not. What you have is a little nub. The guys on the show say I'm hung like a pimple. I've convinced my wife that I'm big, though. When she looks at it, I always have a little bit of an erection going so it looks sort of full.

JR: *Who's the best guest you've had on your show?*

HS: Mark Harris, Martha Raye's husband, is maybe the best. Look at his life: he sleeps with Martha Raye! Do you believe he had sex with her? I

said to him, "I would assume she was as dry as a wall." In fact I [censored] a wall once, and I know.

JR: *Is there anything about yourself that you'd like to change or improve?*

HS: I can't stand my nose. I've always wanted to get a nose job, but I don't have the balls because I'm afraid it will change my voice. But I could have my lips made bigger to hide the size of my nose.

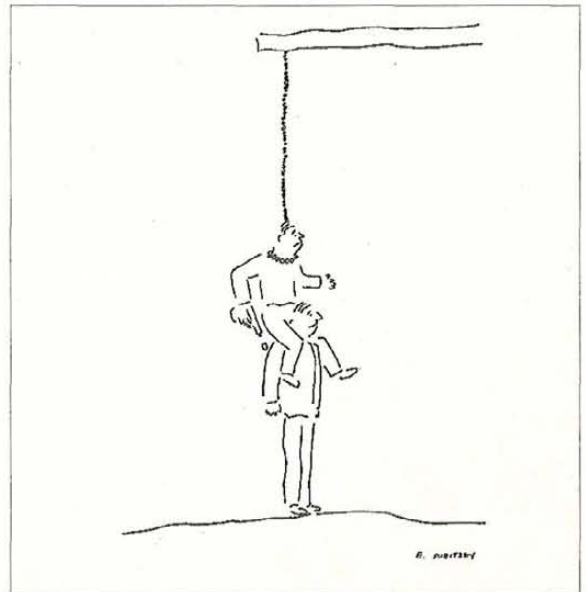
JR: *Is "Fartman" your alter-ego?*

HS: I'm so gassy that in the last 35 minutes I passed wind at least 20 times. I'm the gassiest person in the world. And it stinks. I can't hold it in; it's too painful. I swear to God, I'm going to buy my wife a gas mask for her birthday.

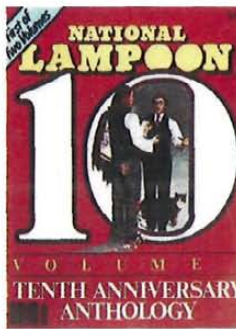
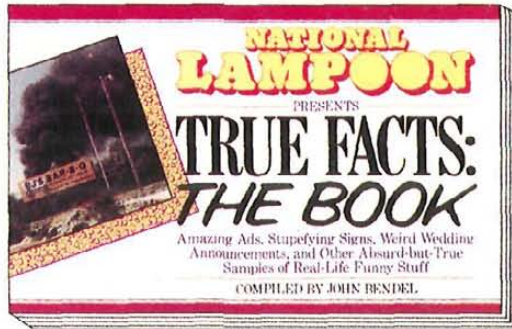
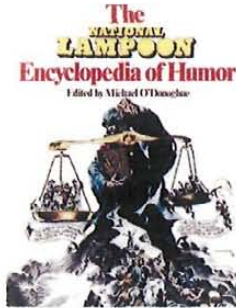
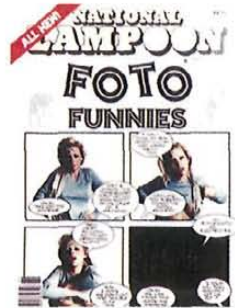
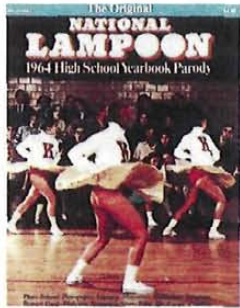
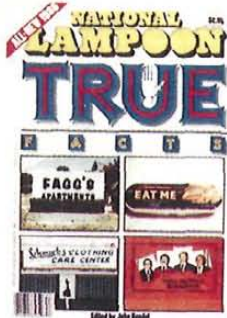
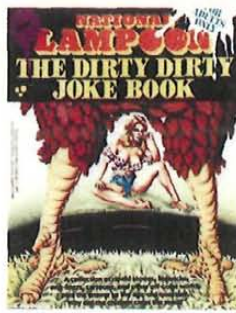
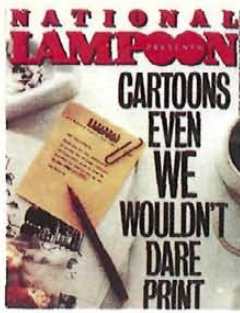
JR: *I've heard tell that Lawrence Welk also routinely passed gas during business meetings.*

HS: You mean those bubbles used to come from his ass! He's my hero!

8



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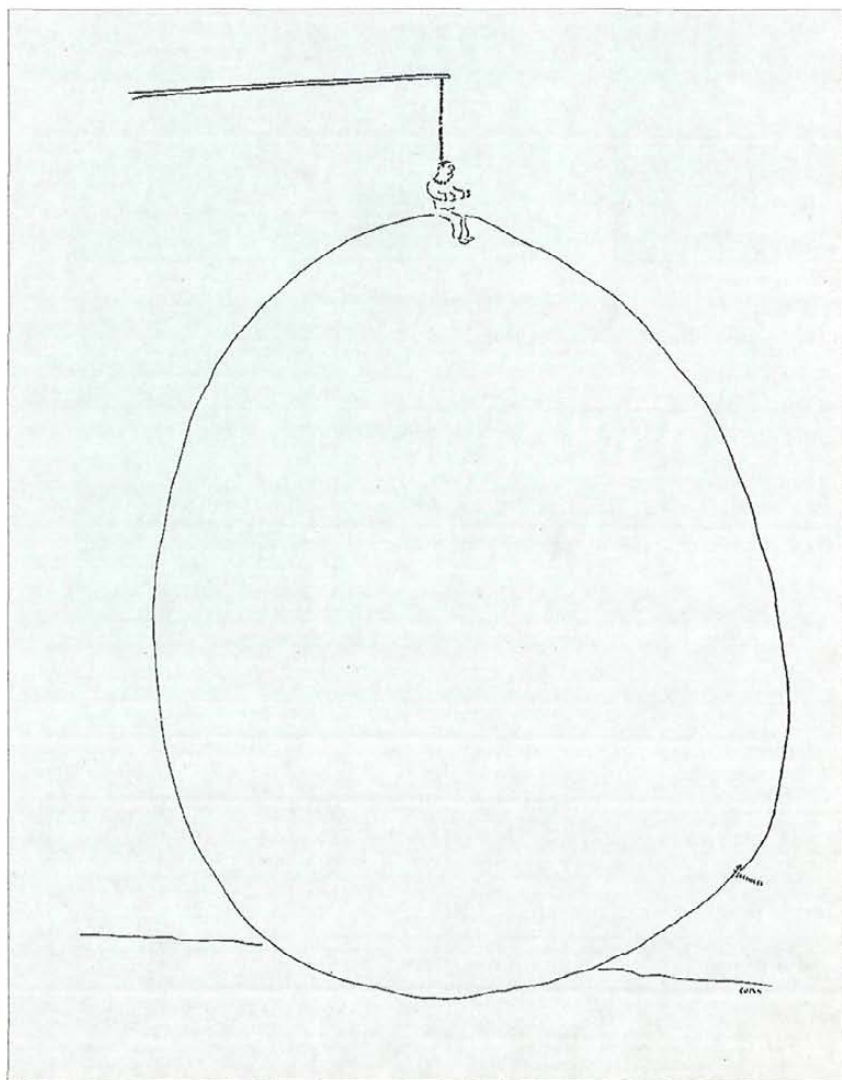
101 Good Things About Being Dead

Ed Subitzky

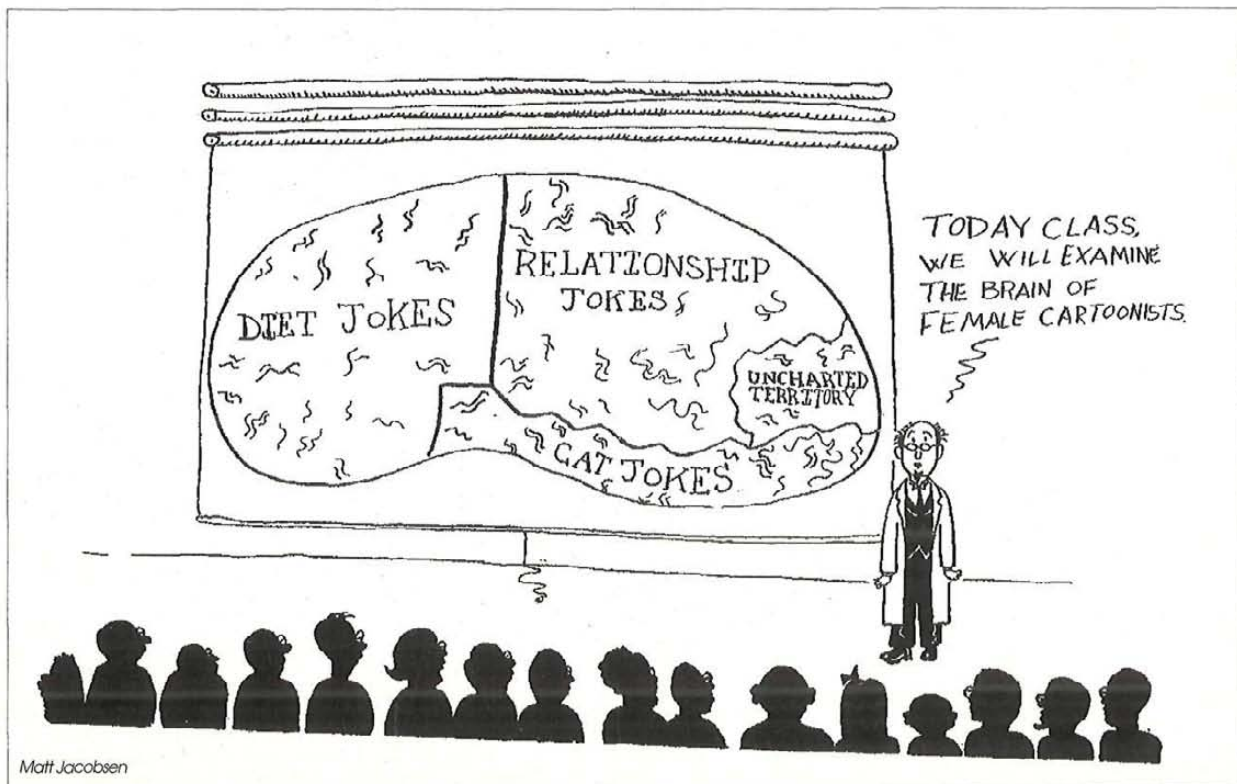
Death has received a lot of bad publicity over the years, and perhaps it's time to do a little re-shape on its image. Every American should be familiar with the advantages, as well as the disadvantages, of a state which will eventually occupy far more of our time than, say, going to the movies or finding an out-of-the-way restaurant. After all, death isn't completely a downer, and we'd feel a lot better about it after, for instance, a modest national campaign — maybe a mix of network spot 30's, a sprinkling of cable outlets, a matrix of four-color print and newspaper, and a background saturation of PR. Like the twelve ways a certain bread builds strong bodies, the seven warning signs of you-know-what, and the eightfold path to enlightenment, we should all become acquainted with the following "101 Good Things about Being Dead":

1. You don't have to pay sales tax.
2. You don't have to watch summer reruns of "The Cosby Show."
3. Finally, you have something in common with Elvis Presley, Albert Schweitzer and Dwight D. Eisenhower.
4. It's rent-free.
5. No one asks your opinion on anything.
6. You don't get horny.
7. Your neighbors are quiet.
8. No one tries to sell you insurance.
9. The hours are good.
10. You've always wanted a place in the country.
11. No one comes around to borrow anything.
12. You don't have to wait in line.
13. It isn't "who you know" anymore, because you don't know anyone.
14. It doesn't make a difference what's happening in the Mid-East.
15. You don't have to keep worrying about whether there's life after death or not.
16. Everybody forgives you.
17. If there is a God, you'll probably meet Him (or Her) at a party.

18. You stop thinking about the person you fell in love with in high school.
19. It's easy to keep your weight down.
20. You don't need to ask where the bathroom is.
21. You can't forget to call your folks.
22. You don't have to floss after every meal, or feel guilty if you don't.
23. You stop feeling bad because you never really understood "Citizen Kane."
24. You don't receive junk mail.
25. You don't care who goes on strike, or why.
26. There's no need to apologize.
27. The air quality is always acceptable.
28. You can stop looking for that lost earring or cuff link.
29. It doesn't matter what the boss thinks.
30. You don't have to remember your cash machine secret code.



31. You can forget all of the "Surefire Ways to Meet People and Make Friends" in that book you read.
32. There's no need to cook tonight, or even send out.
33. You don't worry about who wins the SuperBowl.
34. You don't have to look for a place to park.
35. It doesn't matter that you didn't live happily ever after, because you didn't live ever after.
36. Nothing is digital.
37. You can forget all your High School French.
38. You don't have to bother saving quarters.
39. You're finished with your identity crisis, because you aren't anyone.
40. It's okay if you don't have a tan.
41. Since you don't exist, you don't have to be anything that you don't want to be.
42. You can't forget the keys.
43. You don't have to worry about the Greenhouse Effect and are, in fact, completely recyclable.
44. You don't get headaches, or care if anyone else does.
45. There aren't any promotions or demotions, and you can't get fired.
46. Your nose isn't too big anymore.
47. You don't have to decide which route to take.
48. You don't miss messages.
49. It doesn't matter what a certain teacher once said to you.
50. There's no Holiday Season.
51. You can't almost finish a crossword puzzle, and then find that the lower-left hand corner is all consonants.
52. You don't need to take the garbage out.
53. They spell your name right (usually).
54. You don't have to worry about anybody finding out about you-know-what (or you-know-who).
55. You don't get "morning breath" because you never wake up.
56. Tipping isn't necessary.
57. Most likely, they won't open a disco right next door.
58. Nothing will be too tight.
59. No one will ask you to dance.
60. Finally, you can skip the Columbus Day sales.
61. You don't need another haircut.
62. You don't have to select the wine.
63. You can't make a wrong turn.
64. No one asks you the time.
65. If there is a secret to the universe, It's already been whispered in your ear.
66. You stop being jealous of Vanna White and Donald Trump.
67. You don't have to get in touch with your feelings because you have no feelings to get in touch with.
68. It's perfectly okay that you never could play guitar.
69. There's no hurry.
70. No one has ever, or will ever, ask you to spell "antidisestablishmentarianism".



71. You don't need a shrink.
72. Nobody understands you, but that's because you don't say anything.
73. You've got lots of company.
74. The demands are few.
75. You're not in love.
76. You don't have to check the weather forecast.
77. It doesn't matter that you threw away the first issue of "Spiderman," which is now worth thousands of dollars.
78. You don't have to forgive yourself, because there is no you or yourself.
79. Exact change isn't required.
80. So what if there's a hole in your pants?
81. You can't get stuck in an elevator.
82. It doesn't matter if you miss the first act, because you miss all the acts.
83. You don't need cable.
84. Your right brain and your left brain finally stop disagreeing.
85. Your timing isn't off.
86. You don't care if they do or don't make a sequel to "Gone With the Wind."
87. You don't get bitten.
88. There aren't any coming attractions.
89. No one interrupts you.
90. You no longer need to be aware of pickpockets.
91. There's no fine print.
92. You never have to agree with anything.
93. The dishes aren't piling up.
94. If you aren't assertive, no one makes you go out and buy the book that showed them how to be assertive.
95. It doesn't matter that you never saw Paris.
96. All bets are off.
97. You can stop pretending that you like, or understand, music videos.
98. The meter isn't running.
99. There are no strings attached.
100. Nobody wins or loses.
101. Everybody does it.

✂

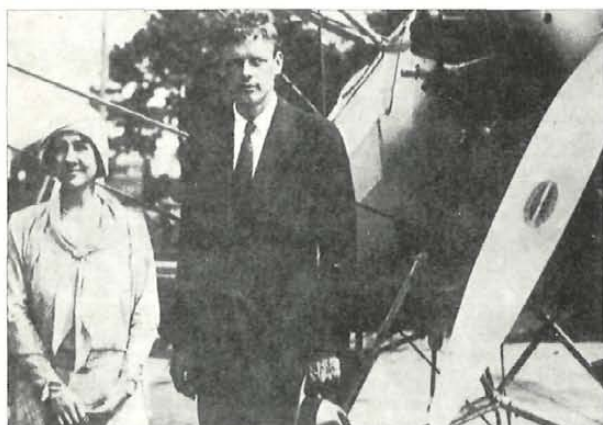
Separated at Birth?



Birth parents Dan and Cara Schmidt ...



... and Baby Jessica Deboer?



Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh ...



... and Little Charles Lindbergh?

Boxing Gonzalez

It all started one balmy summer day, as mayflies buzzed and the sprinklers made warm rainbows in the air. I sat on my patio, sipping lemonade while laborers cleared brush in my garden. But as I lay back in my state of lazy afternoon haziness, something caught my attention— something that would change my life forever. A lone laborer stood out from the others— fortyish, chubby, unshaven and grimy. Yet I glimpsed within him a special quality, something sacred, even... divine. He let out a large belch, followed by a fart that resounded like the purest B-flat minor played on a perfectly-tuned bassoon. I was in love.

His aroma waxed and wafted in the breeze, delivering to me the most “da-lovely” olfactorial E Mail imaginable. From my “perch” I watched him like a hawk... the oafish grace with which he pushed the wheelbarrow...and when he happened to bend down, his Ben Wilsons mercifully receded exposing a crack to die for. I wanted those sweaty, ample, south-of-the-border buns all for me— the very notion of some grizzled old Señorita touching those delicious, voluminous orbs, so heavenly hirsute, sent me into a jealous, seething rage. I paced the porch like a caged animal. Finally it was too much— I called him over.

Squinting and sunburned, he ambled up to my lair. But soft... I feared my pounding heart would betray me. I swallowed hard. “So... how’s the gardening...” I blushed, “are the begonias coming up okay?” It seemed an eternity before his response— a single, perfect word: “Qué?”. His unassuming innocence melted my heart like a winter’s frost to dew. “I’m Bill,” I announced, grasping hold of his large suntanned hands so caked with earth. “Gonzalez” he grunted, in a gravelly voice that gave me chills.

That night I slept fitfully. Images of Gonzalez flashed through my mind like some never-ending slide show. I dreamed we were flying together, as angels. I yearned to have the smell of his quesadilla-ridden farts waft into my room like a summer’s breeze, billowing the sheets and sending the feathers in my pillowcases skyward.

The next day I took him aside. “Gonzalez... I’ve been thinking...” I stepped closer...”the begonia is such a delicate flower... even a small gust of wind could shear off its lovely petals. Would you... could you find it in your heart to stay here a while, and watch over them? You may stay in the cottage, and I will provide you with free room and board.” I felt as if my very fate hung on his next words. He wrinkled his brow. “Qué? Free food?” “Yes, my dear friend,” I gushed, “Free food.”

The next three weeks were utter bliss... me, falling all over myself to charm my new guest with meals, gifts, bedtime stories...And finally after one long tequila-soaked evening... when he had fallen asleep... I had my way with him. Afterwards, I strolled out to the gazebo and stared at the stars, but the beauty of the heavens was nothing compared to my amigo of amour, Gonzalez...Later that night we painted the ultimate Mayan tapestry on my sheets.

The lazy blissful summer days wore on like a euphoric dream that has no end. But one day, it all ground to a halt. Returning home from the market, I skipped into the cottage and froze in my tracks. There stood Gonzalez, with a dumpy looking Hispanic woman and a small child. In broken English, he introduced them as his wife and boy, Pepito. My mind was racing. I didn’t know whether to slap him and kill his wife, or slap

his wife and kill him, or slap myself and kill the kid... Suffice it to say I was devastated.

That night I wandered the halls, adorned with velvet paintings and piñadas, all for him. A fire burned inside my brain. I could not share my concubine with anyone... no wife... no child, no one. He had to be all mine. At the height of my rage I headed to the garden shed, and removed the power saw. I started it up.

Awakened by the noise, Gonzalez came outside. He gazed at me, confused. “Señor”... “¿I will do the gardening, Si?” he queried, but I was beyond reason. I shut my eyes and lunged.

When the sutures healed, I knew I had done the right thing. Never again would I have to worry about my lover running away from me, since he lacked the legs to do it. I fashioned a small orange crate to keep him in, and inlaid it with a lustrous velvet lining. And when I headed off to the market, I was at peace, knowing my love wouldn’t stray. But when I returned he had indeed moved... he had pulled himself all the way across the room to watch “Wheel of Fortune.” My heart sank, and the anger rose again inside me. There could be no Pat Sajak, no Vanna White...no one! Only me! The arms had to go, too.

As I write this, it’s three years later, and Gonzalez is still with me. We have a good thing—it’s lasted longer than a lot of relationships. And although I’ve been forced to strip away the parts of him that might keep him from me... neck.. eyes.. ears... head... there’s still enough to cherish and love daily. I keep his moustache in a little cigar box, and before I go to bed I press it close to my cheek. At night it has the warm smell of quesadillas. ☼

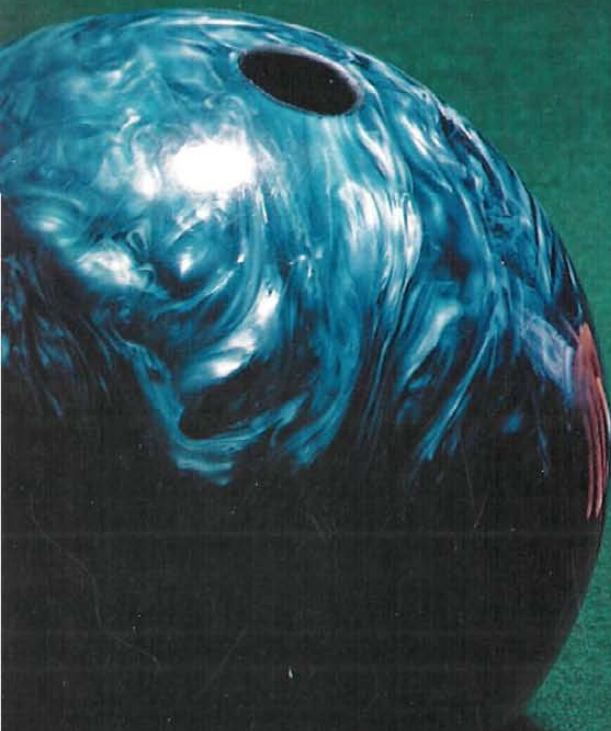
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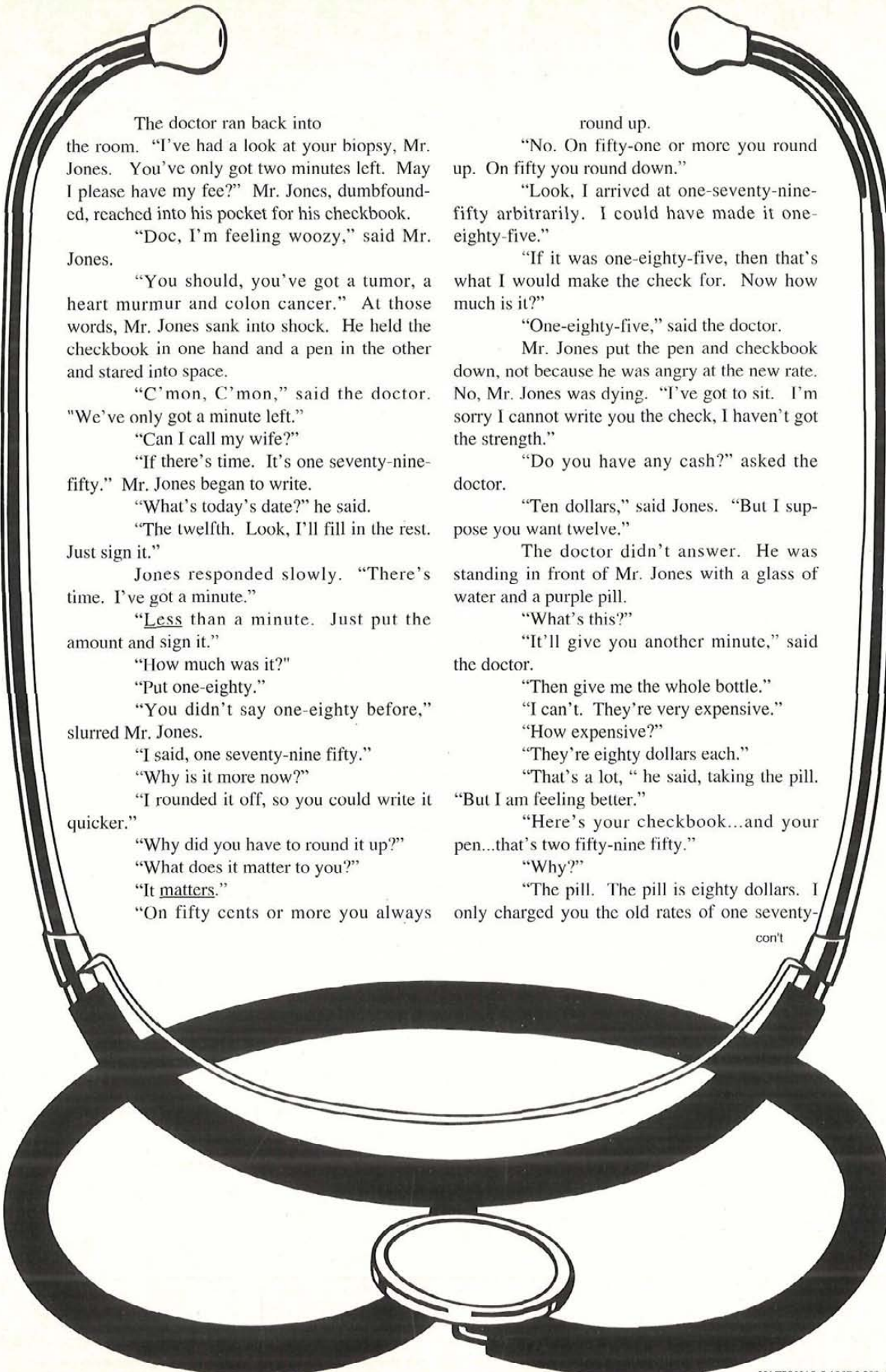


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The doctor ran back into the room. "I've had a look at your biopsy, Mr. Jones. You've only got two minutes left. May I please have my fee?" Mr. Jones, dumbfounded, reached into his pocket for his checkbook.

"Doc, I'm feeling woozy," said Mr. Jones.

"You should, you've got a tumor, a heart murmur and colon cancer." At those words, Mr. Jones sank into shock. He held the checkbook in one hand and a pen in the other and stared into space.

"C'mon, C'mon," said the doctor. "We've only got a minute left."

"Can I call my wife?"

"If there's time. It's one seventy-nine-fifty." Mr. Jones began to write.

"What's today's date?" he said.

"The twelfth. Look, I'll fill in the rest. Just sign it."

Jones responded slowly. "There's time. I've got a minute."

"Less than a minute. Just put the amount and sign it."

"How much was it?"

"Put one-eighty."

"You didn't say one-eighty before," slurred Mr. Jones.

"I said, one seventy-nine fifty."

"Why is it more now?"

"I rounded it off, so you could write it quicker."

"Why did you have to round it up?"

"What does it matter to you?"

"It matters."

"On fifty cents or more you always

round up.

"No. On fifty-one or more you round up. On fifty you round down."

"Look, I arrived at one-seventy-nine-fifty arbitrarily. I could have made it one-eighty-five."

"If it was one-eighty-five, then that's what I would make the check for. Now how much is it?"

"One-eighty-five," said the doctor.

Mr. Jones put the pen and checkbook down, not because he was angry at the new rate. No, Mr. Jones was dying. "I've got to sit. I'm sorry I cannot write you the check, I haven't got the strength."

"Do you have any cash?" asked the doctor.

"Ten dollars," said Jones. "But I suppose you want twelve."

The doctor didn't answer. He was standing in front of Mr. Jones with a glass of water and a purple pill.

"What's this?"

"It'll give you another minute," said the doctor.

"Then give me the whole bottle."

"I can't. They're very expensive."

"How expensive?"

"They're eighty dollars each."

"That's a lot," he said, taking the pill.

"But I am feeling better."

"Here's your checkbook...and your pen...that's two fifty-nine fifty."

"Why?"

"The pill. The pill is eighty dollars. I only charged you the old rates of one seventy-

cont

nine fifty, not one eighty five."

"I think I need another pill," said Mr. Jones.

"Not until you write the check."

"I can't write the check unless I get another pill. I feel faint." The doctor ran for another pill. Jones took it.

"That's three-oh-nine fifty, including the pills," said the doctor.

"How much for the bottle?" asked Mr. Jones.

The doctor considered killing Mr. Jones. "If you write the check, I'll give you the bottle."

"Oh no," said Mr. Jones. "Give me the bottle, then I'll write you the check."

"I'll give you three more pills on good faith, you write the check, you get the bottle."

"Are those three pills free?"

"No, it's an additional two-forty."

But the whole bottle of them is free?"

"Right."

"Fine," said Jones. "But we give the bottle to your assistant and you stay in this room, and I grab the pills and go."

"Fine, fine; just write the check, it's now five-forty-nine-fifty."

"You're very good at math," said Mr. Jones. The doctor handed the bottle to his assistant. Mr. Jones wrote the check. On his way out, Mr. Jones said his last act of life would be to cancel the check.

"No, it won't," said the doctor. "Those are placebos, you are only feeling fine because you thought those pills would make you feel fine."

"You charged me eighty dollars for a placebo?"

"You wouldn't think a pill that relieves all that would be four-ninety-five, do you?" asked the doctor.

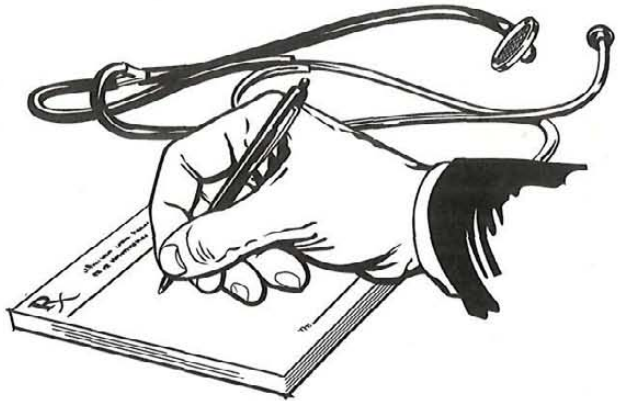
"I feel weak," said Mr. Jones.

"You should, you've got a tumor, a heart murmur and colon cancer."

On that, Mr. Jones collapsed.

"Please cash this check, would you," the doctor said to his assistant. ☺

by Dino Londis



Erik and Lyle Menendez

To Do List

1. finish home work
2. restring racket
3. pick up shirts from cleaners
4. order Disney Channel
5. defrost chicken for dinner
6. kill parents
7. wash Porsche
8. letter to pen pal
9. return movies, REWIND!!
10. Alphabetize CD's

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- JULY 1978 / 100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978 / Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978 / Style
- OCTOBER 1978 / Entertainment

\$5.00 EACH

- APRIL 1979 / April Fool
- MAY 1979 / International Terrorism
- AUGUST 1979 / Summer Vacation
- OCTOBER 1979 / Comedy
- DECEMBER 1979 / Success
- FEBRUARY 1980 / Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980 / March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980 / Vengeance
- MAY 1980 / Sex Roles
- JUNE 1980 / Fresh Air
- JULY 1980 / Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980 / Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980 / The Past
- OCTOBER 1980 / Aggression
- NOVEMBER 1980 / Potpourri
- DECEMBER 1980 / Fun Takes a Holiday
- FEBRUARY 1981 / Sin

- MARCH 1981 / Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981 / Chaos
- MAY 1981 / Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981 / Romance
- JULY 1981 / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981 / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981 / Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981 / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981 / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981 / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982 / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982 / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982 / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982 / Failure
- MAY 1982 / Crime
- JUNE 1982 / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982 / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982 / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982 / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982 / O.C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982 / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982 / E.T. Issue
- JANUARY 1983 / The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983 / Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983 / Tamper-Proof Issue
- APRIL 1983 / Swimsuit
- MAY 1983 / The South Seas
- JUNE 1983 / Adults Only
- JULY 1983 / Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983 / Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983 / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983 / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983 / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983 / Holiday leers
- JANUARY 1984 / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984 / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984 / The Sixties' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984 / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984 / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984 / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984 / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984 / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984 / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984 / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984 / The Accidental Issue
- DECEMBER 1984 / The Last of the old N!
- JANUARY 1985 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985 / A Misguided Tour of N.Y.
- MARCH 1985 / The Best of Fifteen Years
- MAY 1985 / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985 / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985 / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985 / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985 / Lust Issue

If issues in any given year are not listed above, please select replacements for missing issues.

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$2.00 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$10.00, and \$3.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$10.00, small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print): _____
 Address: _____
 City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Total amount enclosed: _____

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:

NATIONAL LAMPOON,

If you don't want to cut up this publication, print or type all necessary information on a separate piece of paper and send it along with your check or money order.

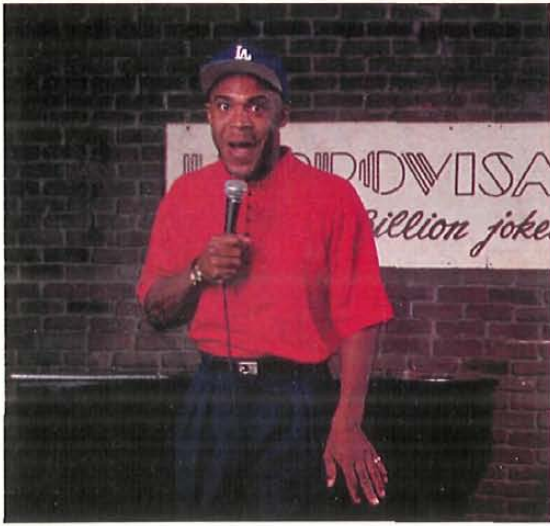
Signature: _____

- OCTOBER 1985 / Music Issue
- NOVEMBER 1985 / Mad As Hell
- DECEMBER 1985 / Reagan and Revenge
- JANUARY 1986 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1986 / Money
- MARCH 1986 / All About Women
- APRIL 1986 / Doctors and Lawyers
- MAY 1986 / Sports
- JUNE 1986 / Horror and Fantasy
- JULY 1986 / Hot Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1986 / Show Biz
- SEPTEMBER 1986 / Sleaze
- OCTOBER 1986 / Back to School

\$5.00 EACH

- DECEMBER 1986 / 200th Anniversary
- FEBRUARY 1987 / Things You Can't Do
- APRIL 1987 / Crime Pays
- JUNE 1987 / Sex and Unusual Practices
- AUGUST 1987 / All-New True Facts
- OCTOBER 1987 / Back to School
- DECEMBER 1987 / Woman of the Year
- FEBRUARY 1988 / Winter Inventory
- APRIL 1988 / Television
- JUNE 1988 / Subliminal Sex
- AUGUST 1988 / Even More True Facts
- OCTOBER 1988 / Sports
- DECEMBER 1988 / Potpourri
- FEBRUARY 1989 / Tyson
- APRIL 1989 / Mediocrity
- JUNE 1989 / Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1989 / Music
- OCTOBER 1989 / Back to College
- DECEMBER 1989 / Gala Party
- FEBRUARY 1990 / Conspiracy
- APRIL 1990 / Spring Break '90
- JUNE 1990 / Special Lust Issue
- AUGUST 1990 / Annual True Facts Issue
- OCTOBER 1990 / Special Underachiever Issue
- DECEMBER 1990 / The Best of 1970-1990
- FEBRUARY 1991 / The Humor Issue
- MARCH 1991 / Gaucho!
- APRIL 1991 / The New World Order
- MAY 1991 / Spend More Money!
- JUNE 1991 / Big Screen
- AUGUST 1991 / Going Places!
- SEPTEMBER 1991 / Coming of Age
- OCTOBER 1991 / Politically Incorrect College Issue
- DECEMBER 1991 / Class War!
- National Lampoon Binders Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$9.00 each, _____ Quantity
- National Lampoon Binder With all issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given. \$27.00 each

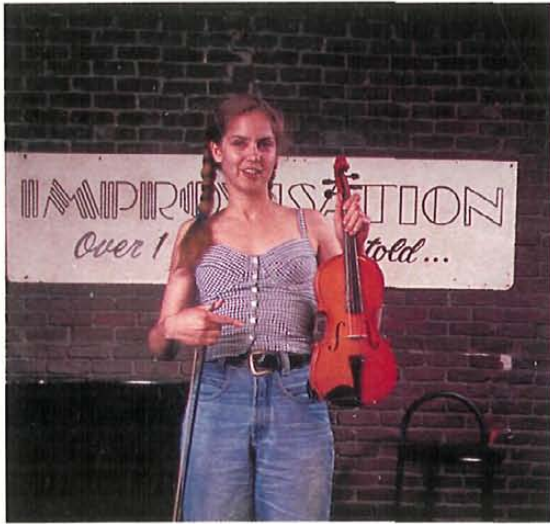
— 1976	— 1980	— 1984	— 1988	— Vinyl binder
— 1977	— 1981	— 1985	— 1989	
— 1978	— 1982	— 1986	— 1990	
— 1979	— 1983	— 1987		



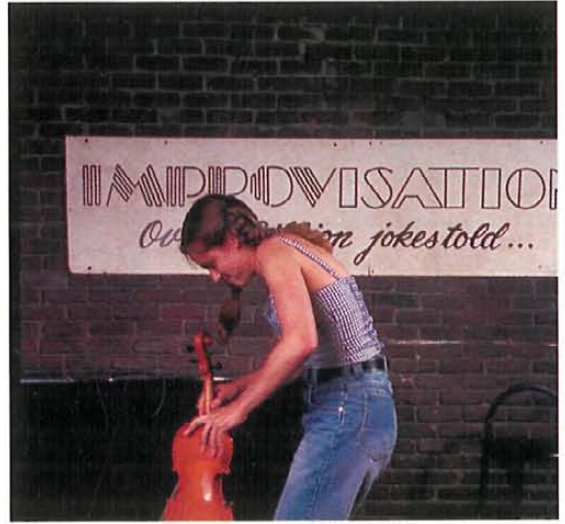
1. Now, here's June Melby. Remember there is a two-drink minimum for this page.



2. The violin was designed to look like a woman's body.



3. Just for the fun of it, I'll mix us up.



4. I'm over here.



5. Hey, did I fool you? I'm the one on the right.



6. THANK YOU!
And let's hear it for your MC, Stavon Tobin.

Gallagher *Interview by Jane Wollman Rusoff*

JR: *Gallagher, you've announced that you're running for President. Aren't you happy with the way President Clinton is handling things?*

G: Clinton is the goofiest guy that ever got to be president. You hand him a joint, he didn't even suck on it. Plus we caught him cheating on his wife. If you can't cheat on your wife without being caught, how can you be the crook we need to run this country?

JR: *What do you think about gays in the service?*

G: They would never have gays in the military as long as the head man was Colin.

JR: *What's your opinion of George Bush?*

G: Bush said, "Read my lips," because he was gonna be lying out of his ass. So many heros have let us down. It's like those bungeecord jumpers. They've got the guts to commit suicide. They want all the thrill of throwing their lives away and none of the commitment.

JR: *What else is wrong with the country?*

G: Remember the Olympics last year? It was sponsored by Lazy-Boy and Budweiser and some

medicine that keeps you from getting the runs. Then that's beamed all over the planet, and every country on earth can see that America ain't nothing but a bunch of lazy-ass drunks...

JR: *Give me your capsule impressions of a few celebrities. First, Michael Jackson.*



G: We can't trust our kids to a guy wearing one glove singing "Beat It."

JR: *How about Madonna?*

G: Why does Madonna have a show telling kids about sex? "Like A Virgin"! Like when! The first time I saw her dance I knew she screwed like an epileptic rabbit with hiccups.

JR: *Cher.*

G: *She should have a sex show. That's the kind of girl you meet at the truck stop bar blowing on a tire gauge, wearing a mudflap over her butt and a Dr. Scholl's footpad for a panty liner.*

JR: *You're famous for smashing watermelons on stage. Got any new props?*

G: Tarot cards: The Ten of Testicles, Douche of Melons, Registration of Car.

JR: *That last is one is handy to have, especially if you're ever in an accident.*

G: Yeah, but you slam your face on the dashboard and they can't identify the body because—what do they have on your driver's license? A picture of your face. They should have a picture of your butt. Don't you feel like dropping your pants at the DMV?

JR: *You're something of an expert on women. Tell us what you've observed.*

G: Women are emotional. You can never figure a woman out. You have to feel when they want to get mad, then give them a reason. Women aren't happy unless they're mad, and once every four weeks ain't enough. In fact, if you don't keep track of their periods.



Fry it and tie-dye it, bake it and break it, and then hand it back: "I'm sorry. I'm better now." But they aren't better until you leave the house because what basically irritates them is that you live there!

JR: What is the main problem with the female sex, then?

G: Women are never happy. Men can't remember; women can't forget. Women are glad to have you;

they'll slip an extra one in there every so often,

JR: You mean it's hard to get along with women?

G: Women want to cut your heart out: squeeze it and freeze it.

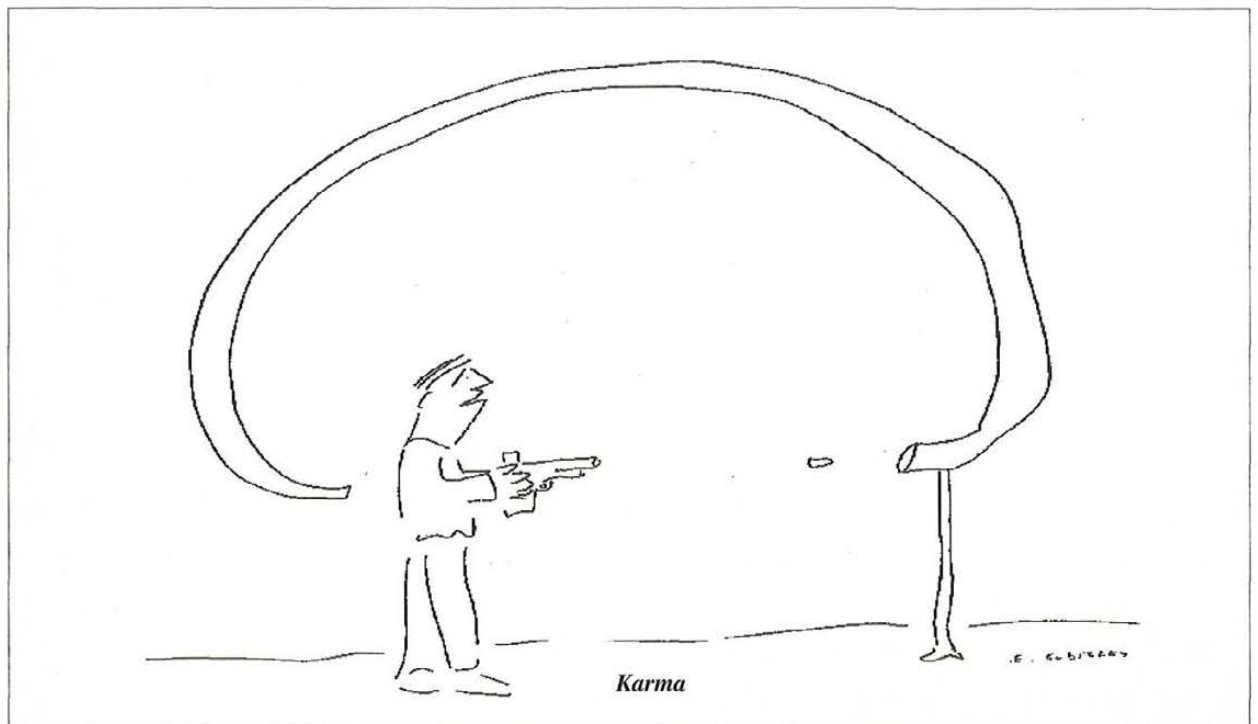
you're better than nothing. It's you or nothing, That's why they cry at their wedding.

JR: You're constantly on the road with your show. But where do you live?

G: In the last house in L.A., at the edge of civilization. I can't see anything but Charlie Sheen's house, I have a telescope and I watch him at night. The other night at Hamburger Hamlet, I asked what he usually eats. I left video tapes in his mailbox and said, "Hi, neighbor!" For some reason, he hasn't come by to talk to me.

JR: Gallagher, what final insight do you have into contemporary society?

G: Women can't keep a secret. But they can hold a fart. I've never met a woman that would admit it was her. You go to a party: you smell a party fart. You ask around. It's never one of the girls. So if ever you want to tell a woman a secret, whisper in her ass. That's why women curtsy. If they bowed, they'd blow it. ☺



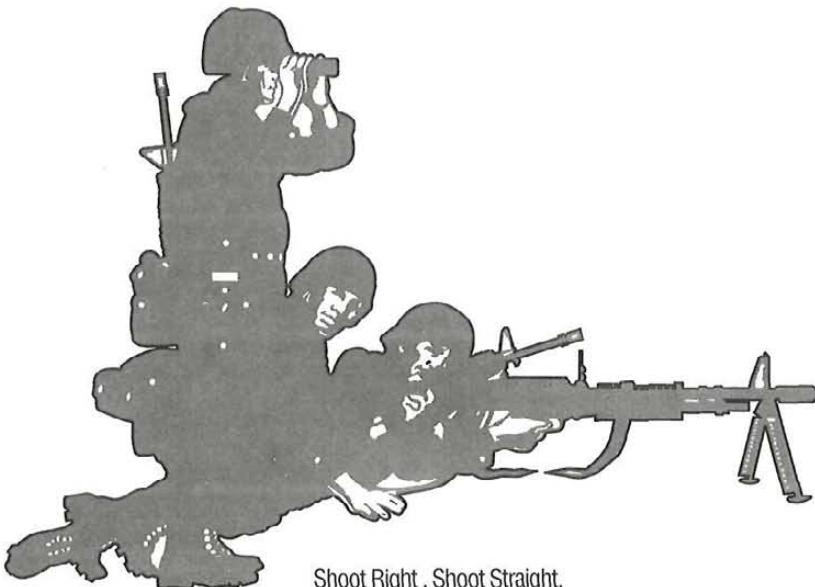
Don't Ask, Don't Tell
Form NO69



**The United States Military does not
discriminate on the basis of
sexual preference.**

**We "don't ask" and you "don't tell."
That's our policy.**

**Please complete
the following form and return it
to your local recruiter.**



Shoot Right, Shoot Straight.

DON'T ASK DON'T TELL

FORM N069

FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY Do not mark in space.

Yes ___ No ___ Maybe ___

Comments _____

NAME (Last, First, M.I.) _____ S.S.# _____
ADDRESS _____ D.O.B _____ SEX: M ___ F ___
CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

BRANCH OF MILITARY I AM PRIMARILY INTERESTED IN:

Army Navy Air Force Marines

HIGHEST LEVEL OF EDUCATION COMPLETED:

High School
 Junior College
 4-Year College
 Arthur Murray Dance Studio

I WOULD MOST LIKE TO BE STATIONED IN::

Camp Pendleton
 Fort Hood
 Fort Wayne
 Fort Dix

WHEN FACED WITH HOSTILE ENEMIES I WOULD:

Analyze the situation, and apply the appropriate method of attack
 Consult my fellow enlistees before acting
 Strictly follow my superior's orders
 Speak with a lisp and nervously cross and uncross my legs a lot

I WOULD LIKE TO BE EXCLUSIVELY TRAINED IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT:

So I could be better prepared to face the enemy
 So I wouldn't feel helpless without a weapon
 So I could feel more confident
 So I could beat up that asshole at the movie theater who made fun of me for crying at the final scene in "GHOST".

WHEN I THINK OF THE U.S ARMED FORCES, I THINK OF:

Honor
 Discipline
 Courage
 PARADES!!!!

MY FAVORITE G.I JOE WAS ALWAYS:

"Cobra"
 "Snake Eyes"
 "Pit Fall"
 "Ken" in army fatigues

YOU'VE JUST COME BACK TO THE FORT AFTER A LONG GRUELING DAY OF LIBERATING SMALL BROWN PEOPLE FROM A FASCIST DICTATORSHIP IN 110 DEGREE HEAT. YOU ARE COVERED WITH A COMBINATION OF GRIME, BLOOD, AND PERSPIRATION. FEELING JADED, YOU SLUMP DOWN ON A BARSTOOL SURROUNDED BY YOUR CHUMS AND INSTINCTIVELY HOLLER OUT FOR:

A Cold Bud
 A Cold Miller
 Whiskey, straight up
 A white wine spritzer

YOUR SERGEANT GIVES YOU ORDERS TO GO TO THE MESS HALL. YOU RESPOND BY SAYING:

"YES"
 "YES SIR"
 "SIR; YES, SIR"
 "FABULOUS!"

MY IDEA OF A STRONG MILITARY FIGURE IS:

Patton
 Schwarzkopf
 MaCarthur
 Pyle


SHORT ESSAYS: (Choose one)

1. What does Patriotism mean to you?
2. What are you willing to sacrifice for the American Flag?
3. Emily Bronte was once referred to as "The thinking man's Charlotte Bronte." Do you agree with this statement, or do you think that it is vice-versa? Use examples and quote passages where you feel it is appropriate. ☺

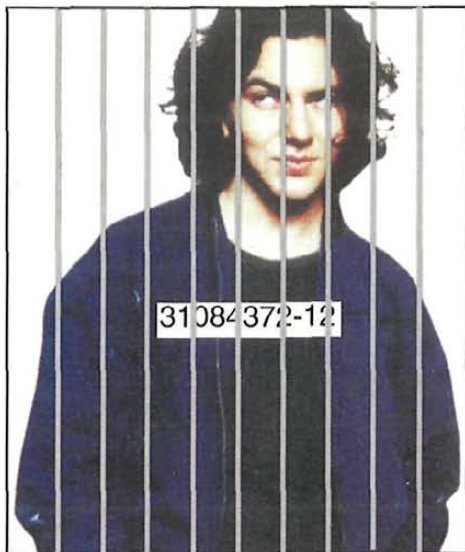


GOATEE

& PONYTAIL MAGAZINE

FREE FOR THE TERMINALLY HIP  INSIDER'S GUIDE TO THE MUSIC BIZ

INSIDE:



THE TRIAL OF EDDIE VEDDER

GUILTY AS CHARGED?

The Scoop:

- ROY ORBISON on Pearl Jam
- LENNY KRAVITZ on stealing licks
- WILLIAM BURROUGHS on still being alive (at press time)
- NATALIE MERCHANT on dumping your band (with Edie Brickell)
- MEGADETH on the Old School Tip
- ACCOUNTANTS on Harleys
- MICHAEL JACKSON on Small Boys
- RICK JAMES on very kinky girls

On MTV...

- JUDAS PRIEST... UNPLUGGED!

CONTESTS

- KICK JOHN NORRIS IN THE GROIN
- THE REALLY, "REAL WORLD"

Six Caucasians on a
South Central LA Getaway



Sting...Losing
at Strip Poker



Courtney Love
Maternity Health Tips



Backstage with George "Dr.
Funkenstein" Clinton



Uhhh.... Keys?



Photo Norman Seeff

L. Zeppelin (puckering, guitar) and Coverdale Plant (attached, right)

COINCIDENCE OR PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

There are widespread rumors circulating among insiders of the music industry that the newly formed rock band COVERDALE-PAGE is actually, really, for all intents and purposes, simply a reincarnation of the little-known pop band of the 70's called LED ZEPPELIN. Here are just a few of the eerie parallels that our team of crack experts have managed to unearth.

LED ZEPPELIN

Lead Guitarist

- ◇ Mystic English hard-rock blues legend Jimmy Page.
- ◇ Flowing locks of brown hair.
- ◇ Frequently able to stand upright for minutes at a time during concerts.
- ◇ Rumors of drug use.
- ◇ Travelled to six continents on tour.
- ◇ Lifted blues riffs from obscure black artists and blatantly called them his own.
- ◇ Rumored to have sold soul to Satan.
- ◇ Owned 3 houses in the state of California.

Lead Singer

- ◇ Caterwauling, lion-maned, sexually-explicit Brit Robert Plant.
- ◇ Plays no music and unable to read music.
- ◇ Widespread rumors of pact with devil to sell records.
- ◇ Had affair with groupie named "Lincoln."
- ◇ Has penned poetic thought-provoking lyrics like "squeeze my lemons til the juice runs down my leg."

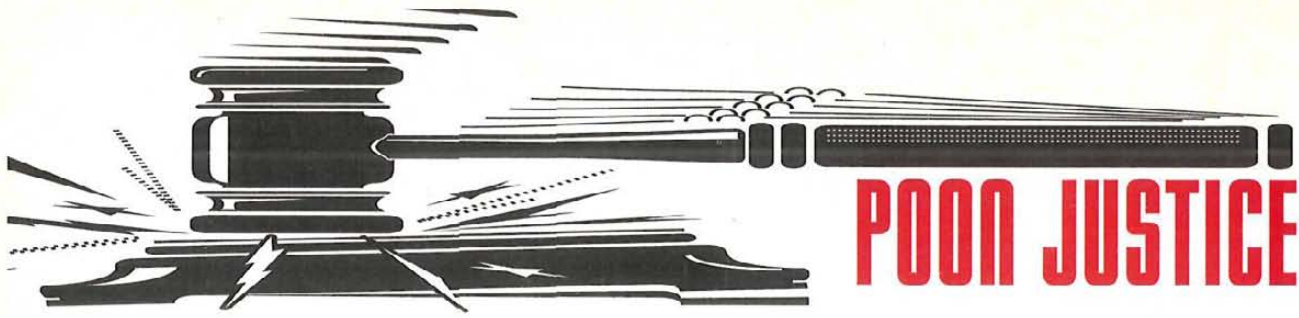
COVERDALE-PAGE

Lead Guitarist

- ◇ Sounds remarkably similar to Jimmy Page.
- ◇ Flowing locks of gray hair.
- ◇ Frequently able to open eyelids and gaze blearily at the world for seconds at a time.
- ◇ Rumors of drug use.
- ◇ Frequent bouts of sex and incontinence on tour.
- ◇ Sounds remarkably similar to Jimmy Page.
- ◇ Rumored to own stock in Proctor & Gamble.
- ◇ Permanently resides in a state of catatonia.

Lead Singer

- ◇ Caterwauling, lion-maned, sexually explicit Brit who sounds remarkably similar to Robert Plant.
- ◇ Can play first four bars of STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN and several chords on guitar
- ◇ Even worse, made pact with MTV.
- ◇ Had an affair with a groupie named "Kennedy."
- ◇ Has penned poetic thought-provoking lyrics like "Slide it in, straight to the top, slide it in, ain't never gonna stop."



GUILTY?



On Trial
Eddie Vedder

YOU DECIDE

THE CHARGES:

FEDERAL

- Flagrant abuse of The First Amendment's Right to Freedom of Speech.
- Excessive whining.
- Lack of originality.
- Getting laid too much.

STATE OFFENSES

- Appropriation of likeness (Jim Morrison)
- Being ungrateful and uneducated in violation of public policy.

LOCAL ORDINANCES

- Jumping on the alternative band wagon
- Looks like a chipmunk
- Pseudo-intellectual
- Cable theft (hearsay)

QUESTIONS:

- Is it true that you cannot play an instrument or read a single note of music?!
- Is it true that two years ago you were working as a gas station attendant in San Diego, sometimes bragging to your friends that you were a security guard?!
- Did someone put a knife to your throat and force you to sign a multi-million dollar deal with Sony Records?!!
- Do you, Mr. Vedder, admit that you never graduated from high school?
- How many times did you have sex last week, Mr. Vedder?
- In your estimation, how many hours of sleep do you lose at night worrying about making this month's rent?



*Should Eddie Vedder drink from the stein of justice...the one justice... the true justice... National Lampoon Justice?
Call 911 to voice your opinion now!!*

In the four years between 1967 and 1970, Jimi Hendrix reinvented the electric guitar, changing rock & roll forever. This summer, a select group of artists, each touched by Jimi's genius, recorded an album of his music. *Stone Free* is more than just a tribute to a rock legend: it's a document of how powerful the reverberations from Hendrix's music remain.



STONE FREE A TRIBUTE TO JIMI HENDRIX

featuring

THE CURE - "Purple Haze"

ERIC CLAPTON - "Stone Free"

SPIN DOCTORS - "Spanish Castle Magic"

BUDDY GUY - "Red House"

BODY COUNT - "Hey Joe"

SEAL AND JEFF BECK - "Manic Depression"

NIGEL KENNEDY - "Fire"

PRETENDERS - "Bold As Love"

P.M. DAWN - "You Got Me Floatin'"

SLASH AND PAUL RODGERS WITH THE BAND OF GYPSYS - "I Don't Live Today"

BELLY - "Are You Experienced?"

LIVING COLOUR - "Crosstown Traffic"

PAT METHENY - "Third Stone From The Sun"

M.A.C.C. - "Hey Baby (Land Of The New Rising Sun)"
(Mike McCready, Jeff Ament, Chris Cornell and Matt Cameron)

"In order of importance, God, Christ, Jimi... life." - Prince Be, P.M. Dawn, 1993

On Reprise Cassettes and Compact Discs  ©1993 Reprise Records. Photograph ©1993 Jim Marshall

♥♥♥ 1/2

THE PENNY

See a penny, pick it up and all day long it'll bring good luck... MY ASS! Abe Lincoln is on the penny and see what it brought him?

A penny has to be the biggest waste of a natural resource on the planet today. If the old adage 'time is money' were taken literally, the penny wouldn't be worth a sneeze. What also sucks about the penny is that it's too light. If thrown with as much force as humanly possible towards a colleague's head it wouldn't even come close to the damage as say, a silver dollar would do. The only thing that a penny is good for is to throw it in a homeless person's cup. It would rid you of the dastardly copper slugs while at the same time help the less fortunate.

♥♥♥ 17/32

STOPLIGHT

One of the most important, yet unrecognized, performances of the day is that of the stoplight. Now, while everyone complains that they are too long or too short, you must not forget these attributes:

First, stoplights are the most constant force in today's ever-changing world. No one is going to say, "O.K., tomorrow red means go and green means stop." This brings me to my second profession of praise, which is that red, yellow, and green are very becoming colors. They are bright and can be easily seen, not like pastels or earth tones. Thirdly, crossing Wilshire is bad enough WITH stoplights; but without them, forget it. Finally, with a general knowledge of electricity and wiring, one could have a stoplight in his/her very own home for a minimal cost.

Bravo, stoplight, for making this stop-and-go world a better place to live.



PHOTO: PAULLEGE

♥♥♥ 9/8

AN IGPAY ATINLAY EVIEWRAY

"Ingerlay Ickinfay Oodgay"
ibay EVOLTINGRAY OCKSCAY

If ouya ovelay INENAY NCHAY AILSNAY and ethaay UTHOLEBAT URFERSAY, ethay EVOLTINGRAY OCKSCAT's "Ingerlay Ickinfay Oodgay" ouldshay ebay ethay extnay apetay in ouryay ollectioncay. A ivingdray umdray ixedmay ithway plendedsay uitargay iffsray and istortionday omplimentcay ethay aspyray ocalsvay and esmerizingmay assbay ythumray.

Ithway uchsay ardhay ittinghay acktry's as "Ecpcray", "Ackin'cray Up", and Ergiosay onay oubtday atthay EVOLTINGRAY OCCKSCAY illway ebay orshippedway ibay eadbangershay and echnopunkstay a ikelay. I antcay ayasay oremay 'outbay "Ingerlay Ickinfay Oodgay" 'aeptay ognay etgay it ir issmay ethay ostmay ashingthray ouprgay of isthay ecadeday.

A otenay omfray ethay evieweray:

Ethay irstfay entay eadersray owhay anslatetray isthay eviewray ordway orfay ordway illway etgay a eefray eykay ainchay ourtesycay of Ationalnay Ampoonlay.

♥♥♥ 1/1

A HAIKU REVIEW: "Anodyne" by UNCLE TUPELO

Great songs, words for our times, production by Peter Buck - it all adds up

to another exceptional album from this Belleville, Illinois

trio. TUPELO are hard and righteous. Their songs have as much in com-

mon with John Steinbeck or Raymond Carver as they do with Husker Du



PHOTO: DANIEL CERRIGAN

or the Replacements. Tupelo pack so much brutality and ten-

derness into this album that it's almost more than a hardened soul

can stand. Jay Farrar's guitar sprawls splendidly uncontained in a style

more like Dinosaur Jr. than country, and Farrar's and Jeff Tweedy's

evocative lyrics paint sparse, dark pictures of desolation and

disenchantment. UNCLE TUPELO are dodos of the most hero-



CLUB NATIONAL



NATIONAL LAMPOON

DRIVING SINEAD O'CONNER AND JOAN BAEZ TO A PEACE RALLY IN JULY

by Dino Lorus

I didn't volunteer to pick up Sinead O'Conner and Joan Baez from the airport. Hitting the deer wasn't my idea either. None of it was. I had shown up late to one Student Council meeting and got screwed big time.

It was to be a simple job. Pick up the singers from the airport and drive them to a school-sponsored Fourth of July peace rally forty minutes away. I'll tell you right now, if I ever see those two again, famous or not, I will kill them. Well, maybe not kill, but whatever is legal in that state that I can do, I will. They are a couple of women that I never want to see again. I don't care who reads this.

I had to be at the airport by noon. I honestly didn't think my '73 Plymouth Duster would survive the trip. For the past year, her temperature needle had been drifting in and out of the red, and the fact that this was the hottest day of the year didn't help. I left my house early to ensure that if the car did in fact overheat I would have plenty of time to let it cool down and not be late for the airport.

Well, it didn't and I got there with plenty of extra time. Sitting in the terminal, I came up with what I thought was a pretty good ice-breaker. As the plane landed, I drew up a sign that read "Sinead O'Conner and Joan Baez," like I wouldn't know who they were. Everyone who walked by me laughed or smiled. They got the joke. In fact quite a crowd gathered around me to see the two singers.

They were the last off the plane. Sinead spotted my sign first.

"Put that away, you idiot," she said in the most charming soft spoken Irish accent.

"What?" I said.

"Put that away you moron," she repeated.

I quickly dropped the sign and my dopey smile. The whole crowd that had gathered felt sorry for me and dispersed as if they hadn't heard what she said. When Joan figured out what I had done, she turned to reboard the plane, but Sinead grabbed her arm and whispered something in her ear. Joan paused, looked at me, looked way off in the distance, and then reluctantly walked toward me. I hadn't broken much ice here.

You can just imagine how quiet our car ride went. Sinead didn't want to sit in the back of the car because it was dusty and she didn't want to sit next to me.

So Joan had to sit between us. I tried to say something pithy and witty to win them over, to try to make them forget about the sign. But everything I

said made them roll their eyes. It was just like I was back in school.

"So how long have you guys been feminists," I asked. They both took a breath, paused to consider, and never answered me. Now I felt like King Clown Idiot. Fine. If they didn't want to talk, I didn't want to talk, either. I didn't even want to do this in the first place.

Then I found myself talking about Sting, the musician. They didn't bother to respond, but it didn't matter. I didn't even know how I got into it, but I found myself talking about Sting and the Police. I stopped when out of the corner of my eye, I thought I saw Joan mimicking me. They wouldn't talk about Sting. They wouldn't talk about anything. They just stared at the on coming road.

Then Joan fell asleep. I thought her mouth hung open the way my dad's does when he falls asleep in front of the television. I thought this would be a good time to talk with Sinead.

"Talk behind her back, why don't you," she snapped right back at me.

I looked at her and she was right. I resigned this little car trip as a total loss. I wasn't going to get either of these woman to like me.

She was quite beautiful, though. Her features were small and she looked like a child. Hers wasn't anger; she was innocent in her manner, and fought to maintain it. I couldn't win her over with one pithy witty thing. I understood her. She was quite beautiful.

I wished I had looked at her for half a second less, because we hit a deer. Joan awoke just in time to see it fly over the car. My first instinct was to drive away as fast as possible, like I had when I hit that crossing guard years ago.

I floored it.

"What the Hell are you doing?" screamed Sinead. I didn't answer her. Now it was my turn to be all quiet and snotty. "I think it's still moving," she looked out the rear window. "We've got to go back." I ignored her. And she ignored me. All she did was grab the wheel and whip it so the car spun out of control at sixty miles an hour screeching and screaming. I was screaming. We all were screaming. I tried to grab her neck, but the centrifugal force made it impossible to peel myself from the driver's side door. We stopped miraculously in the center of the road facing the fallen deer, as smoke rose around us.

It lay there, panting, looking at us, perhaps thinking we had turned around to finish him off. He was a fully mature deer. His tree-like antlers bore the stroke of a buck in his prime. They were a majestic crown and would have been even more majestic if they were on his head, but they lay splintered on the road. I felt sick.

On Sinead's insistence, I turned off the engine and rolled the car toward the deer trying not to frighten it. "Look," I said, "Here comes a friendly, quiet Plymouth Duster."

For a second, I wished I was that deer, because it was about to get all that attention that I was trying to get earlier. Sinead stepped out of the car and slowly approached the deer. She put her hand in front of its snout and patted it on its head. I would have driven off right there if Joan wasn't in the car. I think that's why Joan didn't get out.

"He has a broken leg and the wind knocked out of him, but I think he's going to be okay," said Sinead without looking up. "We need to get him to a vet and have his leg set."

We put the deer on the hood of my car and strapped him down with some duct tape and threw the antlers in the trunk. The air was hot and the car bordered on over heating with the added weight of the deer on the hood. Only when he lifted his head into the wind like a dog, could I see the road. I drove mostly with my head out the window. The last thing I wanted was to hit another stupid deer; we didn't have the room. We drove for another twenty minutes, and we were getting close to the rally. Other activists passed us, noticed Joan and Sinead, smiled and waved. Then they noticed the deer on the hood and looked back at us in horror.

"My God, they think we hunted and killed this thing," said Sinead. They think I shot and killed it. "We are taking it to a vet," she screamed at the car. Another car passed. "We are taking it to a vet," she screamed again.

"Why don't you duck down?" I said.

"No, that is what you would do." Another car passed, and the same thing happened. They smiled at us, saw the deer and looked back with disgust. She gave them the finger. In fact, she flipped off every car from Vernon all the way to Lupton, where we met the veterinarian. It was quicker to the point. She didn't need to explain herself to anyone.

We passed some houses that lined the highway and you could smell the barbecuing. It seemed like every house was cooking steaks. I didn't bother to mention this to the two of them because I knew they were vegetarians.

"What's that smell," asked Sinead.

"Barbecuing," I yelled over the din of the roaring engine and the wind rushing in the windows.

"It reminds me of when I was a little girl and we would roast pig outdoors."

"You ate meat then?"

"I did. And I liked it. I like the taste of it. I even like the smell of it."

"It's something primal, I think."

"Yeah, but I can't in good conscience eat any living thing now, when I know how the animals are treated."

Well, as it turns out, no one was barbecuing that day. Well, maybe someone was, but that wasn't what we were smelling. We were smelling the deer cooking on the hood of my car. I noticed it first, because that row of houses were miles behind us and I could still smell those steaks. I didn't know what to do, so I did what I always do. I did nothing. I immediately did nothing. If the deer could speak, I don't think he would have said anything here either. I don't think he would have turned around and said, "I'm cooking on the hood of this car, take me off." He was still alive, yes, but he wasn't groaning and he wasn't trying to free himself. I believe the deer wanted to die.

"Pullover," said Sinead.

"Why?" I asked with feigned ignorance.

"Pull over," she said through her clenched jaws.

We freed the deer and the side that rested on the car was done. Two more minutes and it would have been burnt.

"It's about time we flip her over wouldn't you say," I said.

"You are the most insensitive son of a bitch I have ever run across and I've met some butts. The animal is being cooked alive and you joke like it's not really happening."

"Look Sinead, I think this whole day is not happening. Who would believe this. You've treated me like scum since we met and you treat this dumb animal as if it somehow is going to get you into the rally."

"You told me back there that was barbecuing, when you knew this thing was being cooked alive."

"I really thought it was barbecuing."

"I don't believe you."

The deer made a break for the woods, but it ran so slow that we continued to argue.

Pointing at it she said, "That poor beast had only a broken leg and was in mild shock, now it's burned on half of it's body. It's probably going to die."

"Nothing is going to kill that stupid thing, Sinead."

The deer hobbled up the road. He's getting away," she said. The deer stopped on the opposite side of the road, just as an on coming car came into view.

JUDYBATS

pain makes you beautiful



JUDYBATS

pain makes you beautiful

JUDYBATS

pain makes you beautiful

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"Look, he even wants to die," I said. The oncoming car didn't even slow down. It came from quite a distance and wouldn't slow down. Why wouldn't this guy stop? Did he too have a couple of singers that were driving him crazy? It was obvious that the car was going to hit the deer again. Sinead ran for it and tackled it just as the car passed. It fell on its burned side and made a sound that no one should ever hear. I'm sure he was convinced we were trying to kill him, yet we wouldn't let him do it himself.

After another minute or so of arguing, we dragged the deer back to the car as it winced helplessly looking at us. Joan got out and the three of us stuffed into the passenger side. The thing could just fit if I folded the seat back to the last notch. I am amazed a cop never pulled us over. The state didn't have a deer season, let alone a deer torture season.

"Let's buckle him in for safety," I joked. The deer responded by crapping all over my front seat.

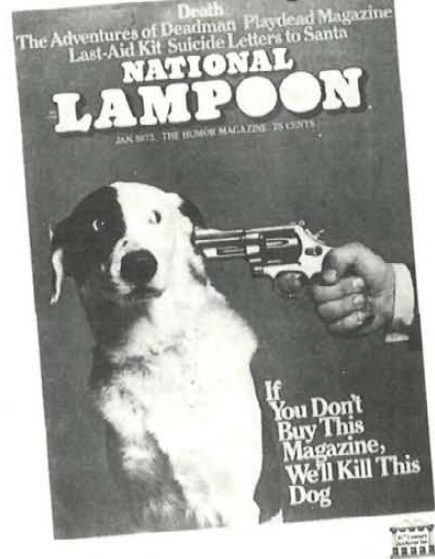
"We'll skip the rally and take him to a vet in Lupton," she said. When people passed us now they smiled again and pointed at the deer and waved at the deer, and made funny faces at the deer, but the deer just stared back at them. Sinead didn't say anything, but I could tell she felt redeemed by these people. She even once lifted the beast's front hoof and waved back at a carload of children.

We pulled into Lupton at about two, and stopped at a phone booth to find a list of veterinarians. There were two in town, but both of them were closed for the fourth of July. On Sinead's insistence, of course drove the deer to a veterinarian's house that someone in Dolly's Diner recommended.

I'll never forget the man's face as we dragged the deer through his front door. Joan held an antler in each hand. I wish I could have been a fly on the wall instead of being directly involved with it. [Incidentally, all the flies were on the deer at this point.] We dragged him from his living room to his kitchen. The vet asked us to wait back in the living room. He had the deer in his kitchen for about ten minutes and then shot him. He would have shot him sooner, but it took him nine minutes to find his rifle. There was no question of right or wrong, just or unjust. He simply lifted his gun to the animal and shot it. He said he had another shell in the chamber for Sinead if she didn't shut up.

We still had time to make the rally. I drove slowly, so slowly that I was even able to dodge a bee. Sinead stepped from my car and onto the stage to thunderous applause. She paused, looked at me and sang. She sang beautifully. ☺

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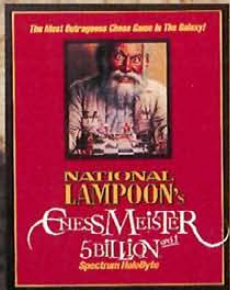


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~~Magazine~~
We'll Kill This
Dog.*

*Chess
game*



Not an actual VGA screen shot. You wish.



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* HEY, IT WORKED ONCE! This photo was a Lampoon cover in 1973. We're happy to report the dog died of natural causes.

1 little FART to a full grown PANSY. You have made me proud, son, and I hope you lead a rich, happy
2 life. To help you on this journey, I leave you NOTHING.

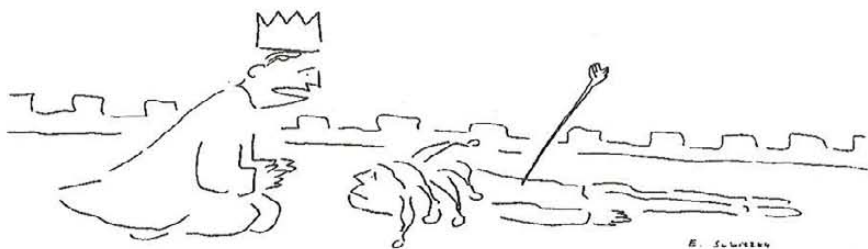
3 To my brother Jim: I know that at times we have had our differences, but I want you to know
4 that I never stopped loving you for a second. I just wish that I had been able to spend more time with
5 your BUXOM wife Karen, and your two adorable children, Emily and Scott. I just hope the two of
6 them will oneday hear about some of the good times that the two of us had together.

7 On that note, I hereby leave you 25 percent of my estate. All I ask in return is that you take lit-
8 tle Emily and Scott on you knee and tell them about the time THE WHORE IN TIJUANNA STOLE
9 YOUR ROLEX.

10 Karen, I have always felt LUST for you as if you were my own sister. And I know that you
11 have had a tough time taking care of your ailing, diabetic mother who also has Alzheimer's. Well, it's
12 about time that you started living life for yourself. That's why I'm leaving you 25 percent of my
13 estate so you can pay for around-the-clock medical attention for your mother. All I ask in return is
14 that you have your dear mother, in the presence of my attorney, perform a simple act of charity in my
15 honor. I think SEVENTY-FIVE PUSH UPS would suffice.

16 Throughout the course of my life I have been subjected to accusations of being pompous, or
17 "snooty," to those who are not of the same social class as myself. To disprove these false accusations,
18 I hereby leave everything that is left of my estate at this point in the Will, to HECTOR SOMETHING.
19 For it was this person who faithfully CLEANED MY POOL for all those years, and it would be a
20 shame to let such loyalty go unrewarded. However, HECTOR SOMETHING, in order to receive this
21 gift, and since your equipment is in such bad shape, you must agree to use some of the money to buy
22 yourself a HAM SANDWICH and a NORWEGIAN ELKHOUND. ☺

By Jason Ward



"HURRY, MAN... THE PUNCHLINE!"

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Located just 1/2 block from the blue-Pacific and two short blocks from Main Beach Park, By the Sea Motel is nestled in the north end of Laguna Beach; its 36 luxurious rooms are built around a courtyard and flower-garden/pool area.

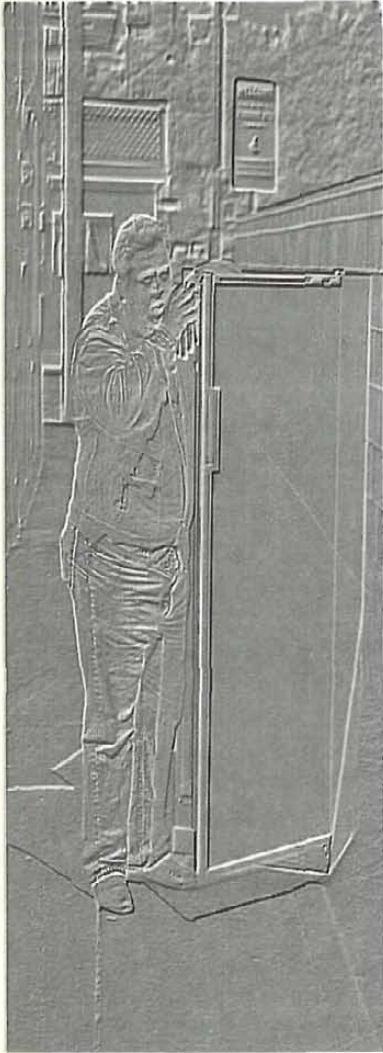
From the moment you step into the spacious lobby, you leave the noise and bustle of Coast Highway behind. All the rooms face away from the road, and are among the quietest you'll find anywhere. Many offer sweeping ocean and coastline views, as well as views of the hills that surround Laguna and make it such a unique part of the California Riviera.



Intimate, contemporary and unique as Laguna itself, By the Sea Motel is recommended by the American Automobile Association

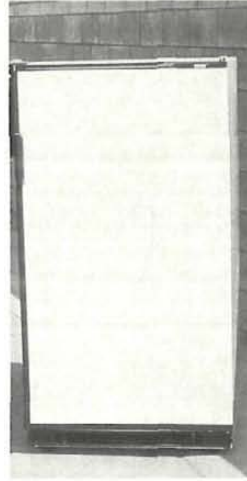
PHOTO CREDIT: Lang Photography

BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DIETS



REBEL WITHOUT A WAISTLINE

Once upon a time,
not so far away
was a hungry old soul who
hadn't
eaten all day.



1

He thought long and
hard,
and he dreamt of
great food,
Then saw a
big snack,
And got in the mood.

What good fortune.
I'm hungry, and this
refrigerator just
happens to be
standing in the
boulevard.



2

Well, maybe I'll just
have a look. .
Sometimes children
can get locked in
these things.



3

Hey, Sergeant
Cellulite. Take a peek
inside.
I know you'll be
satisfied.

This diet's tearing me apart!

4



I'll just grab a little something.

5



The meat and cheese are here to please;
So see what's in store
in my veggie drawer.

What the...

6



Hey,
this is really tearing me apart!!!

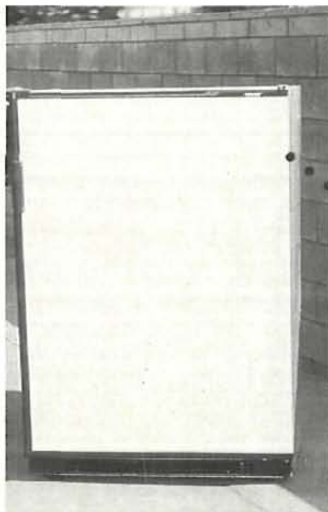
7



Yum, Yum!

BUUURRP!

8



I'll start my diet tomorrow.

JUST ONLY BARELY

by Aron Abrams

It seemed like a good idea at the time.

I was broke. Broker than broke, actually. And the tiny classified ad promised a way out. "Wanted: Intelligent people who will dare to make a difference. Big, BIG rewards. Call now."

I was intelligent, I wanted to make a difference, and I wanted a big, big reward. It was like King Arthur, seeing the sword in the stone for the first time.

I called and described my situation: used to be the business manager of a biology journal in Boston, used to be a fund raiser for Yale, and gave it all up to move to L.A. for the same depressing reasons as everyone else.

"Hey!" the fellow on the other end said. "You're EXACTLY the kind of guy we're looking for."

Sword in the stone.

"You've got a marketing background, you're intelligent, and you dare to make a difference."

He liked me. He really liked me.

"When can you come in?"

"How about next week?"

"No, Aron. We want you to come in TOMORROW. Can you? Do you have any other appointments?"

"Well..." (The new Playboy was coming out tomorrow, but that could probably wait).

"Okay. Yes. I can make it."

It was an hour's drive. I brought my portfolio of various direct-mail packages I had designed (the only thing more depressing than throwing

out junk mail is having to show it on your resume).

A tall, semi-good looking guy, Jorge, met with me (he looked like a shorter, fatter Sean Connery, as if Sean Connery had been put in a microwave and melted for ten seconds). Jorge looked at my resume, which was folded into thirds. He only read the top third.

"You're EXACTLY the kind of person we're looking for."

"Really?"

"Yes. Yale... very impressive."

"I only worked there. I didn't go there."

"But Yale doesn't hire just anyone."

Oh, the hell they didn't

"I'm very, very excited," Jorge said. He still hadn't unfolded my resume, but I didn't want to break the

mood.

"I'd like you to join Worldwide Protection Services," Jorge said, looking me straight in the eye. I'd been in there less than five minutes, but Jorge knew, "You'll be an asset to the team."

Wow. I didn't know what to say. Jorge stood up. The interview was over. Orientation was next Monday and Tuesday.

"But how much does it pay?"

Smiling, he said, "All of your questions will be answered at the orientation."

"But..."

Almost unpleasant now, Jorge replied, "All of your questions will be answered at the orientation." He dropped my resume in a file and shook my hand.

Feeling prosperous and optimistic about my future, I stopped off at the market on the way home and bought non-generic peanut butter. It was good.

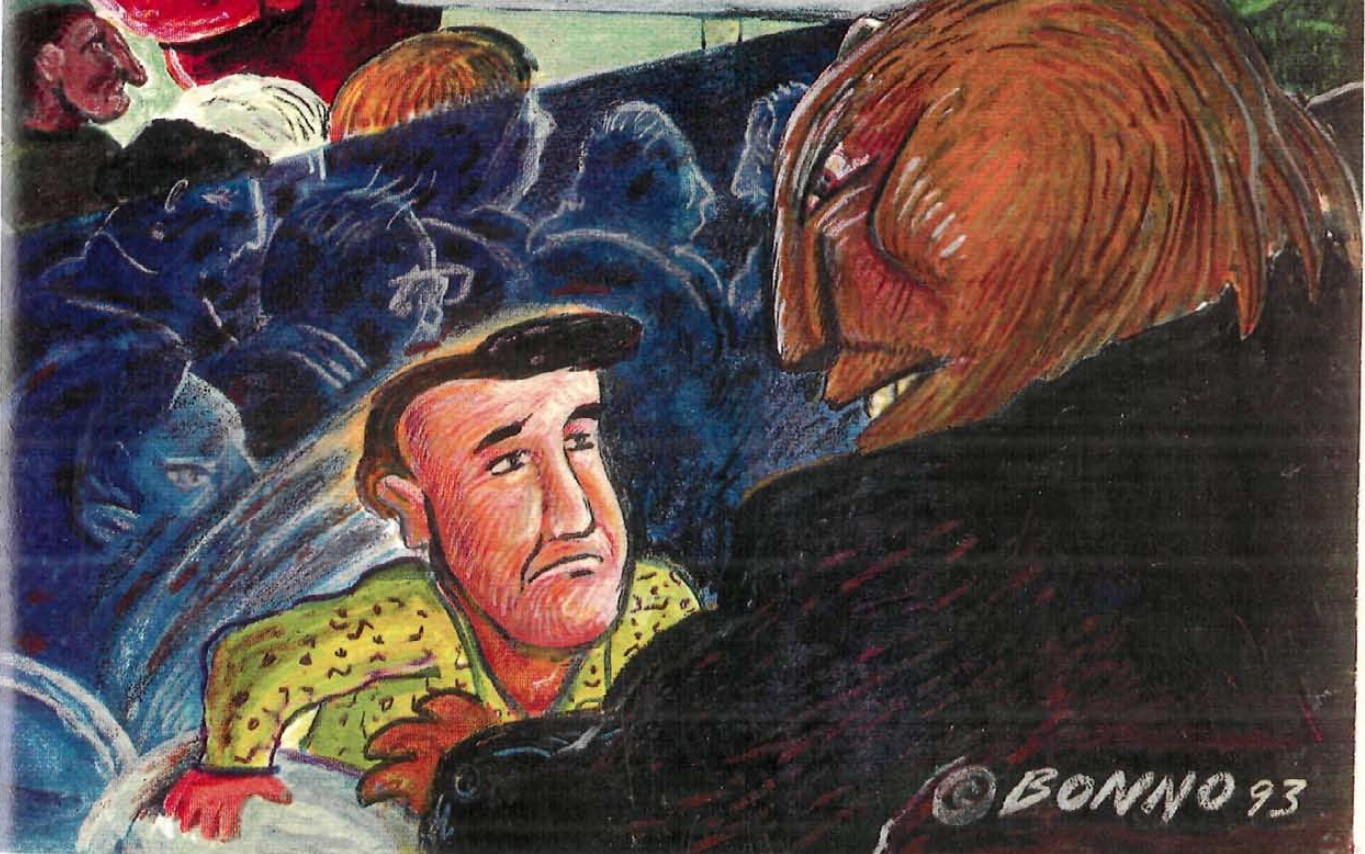
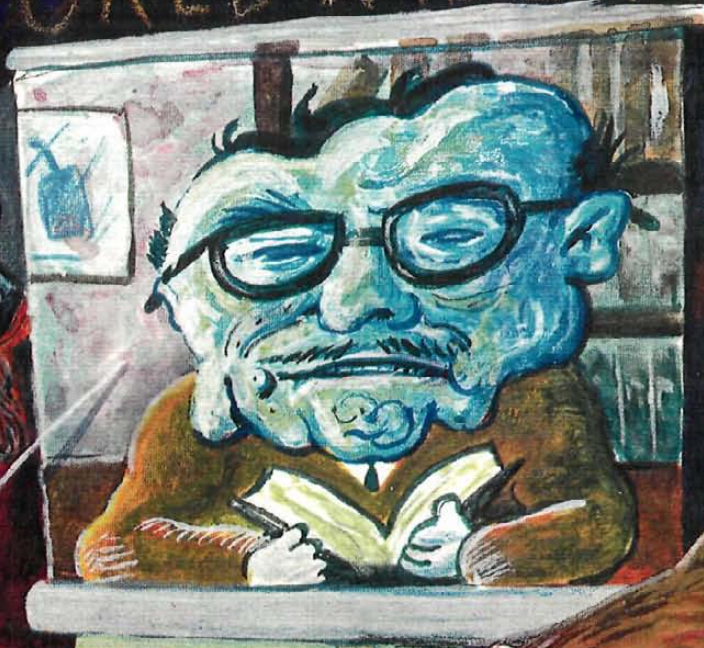
The orientation started right on time: 8:00. Me and 250 other intelligent, daring people, crammed into the Worldwide Protection Services assembly hall. The voice on the loudspeaker told us we had all been selected through a rigorous interview process. "Rigorous?" I wondered; Jorge didn't exactly run me ragged. But two people sitting next to me shook hands. "Congratulations," they said to each other.

The bloom was, just slightly, starting to come off the rose.

The first speaker was Mr. Ray. Silent, he looked like an angry gerbil; smiling, he looked even angrier.



WORLDWIDE PROTEC



© BONNO 93

"Welcome," he said. "Are there any questions?"

Someone raised her hand.

"Yes. What are the jobs we've been hired for?"

Angry gerbil smile. An uncomfortable public speaker, Mr. Ray resembled a hit-man forced to give a toast.

"Excellent question," he said, looking evil. "We have a short film which will explain our operation."

Bam! The lights went off and the movie began.

Pretty drops of rain fell on beautiful flowers.

Narrator: "How many of us have the sense to come in out of the rain? Suppose you had something to gain by being in the rain... would you take the risk?"

"To succeed in today's competitive climate, you need different strategies and dynamics. Old techniques just won't do."

The wet flowers were replaced by Germans, pre-WWI, pushing wheelbarrows filled with cash so they could buy food. Depression-era bread lines. Unemployed auto workers in the '70's. The Wide World of Depression.

I didn't know what the point of the movie was, but I was still vaguely optimistic (Sword and the stone, et al). The movie quickly changed gears. Numbers flashed on the screen: 1, 2, 3, 4...

"Most of us only see what people want us to see."

The numbers change: 1, 2, 4, 3, 5.

"But how many of us have the GUTS to say, hey, something's out of whack here?"

11, 13, 12, 15, 14.

An astute guy in the audience yelled: "Hey, the numbers are out of sequence."

"Shhh," Mr. Ray said.

Then the President of Worldwide Protection Services appeared on the screen. The pale, bland President, who resembled a big

wad of cream cheese, was reading a book at his desk, as if he wasn't expecting the film crew. He looked up and smiled.

"The President," I thought. "He'll level with us."

"Welcome. You've been selected, through a rigorous process, because you're the future of America, and American business. We're glad to have you. I'm sure you've got lots of questions, and they'll all be answered soon. But now, to explain our operation, heeere's Vinnie!"

The President gestured to the real-life guy.

Vinnie Ang, who jumped up on the stage, wearing a suit designed to look expensive rather than be expensive. In a moment of ill-timed synergy, Vinnie waved at the screen, but it had already gone blank.

In no particular order, Vinnie told us absolutely nothing.

"How many of you are here looking for a job?"

A few people raised their hands. This angered Vinnie.

"Then get out of here. Get the hell out. You know what JOB means" Just Only Barely. If you're here, you're here because you want a career!"

People clapped.

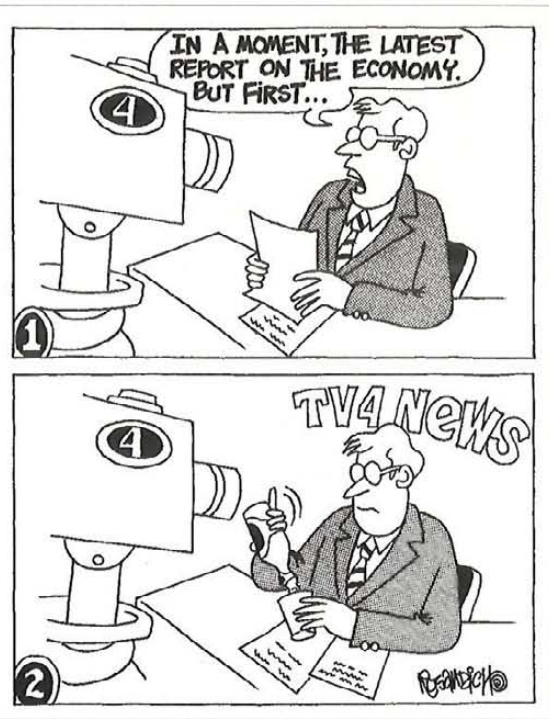
"You know how much money I made last month? Guess! Who wants to guess?"

"\$1,000?" some schmuck volunteered.

"\$2,000?" another schmuck offered.

Vinnie shook his head, insulted.

"C'mon, people. I made



\$20,000 last month."

Spellbound, amazed, the people clapped and the sword fell out of the stone, covered with green mold. I was trapped inside an infomercial! I looked behind me; fortunately, the doors still seemed to open and close.

"Who likes B.S.?" Vinnie asked.

The audience was quiet. The people who did like B.S. didn't admit it.

"I'm serious. Who likes B.S.?"

Again, no one budged.

"Good. I'm glad you all hate B.S. Cause I hate B.S. too."

The audience, relieved we were all on the same side, responded with a short ovation.

Vinnie explained his trajectory to success. "I came to Worldwide Protection Services after being fired from my third or fourth job. Tell you the truth, I don't remember. But I knew I had to straighten myself out. And I was sitting here, sitting just where you are, thinking exactly what you are thinking."

(Actually, at that point, I was thinking about that cute actress from

the 1960s show, "Here Comes the Brides." The one who played "Candy." There had been something about her in the paper that morning, and I remembered my old crush. "Concentrate," I told myself.

"Worldwide Protection Services is one of the most respected businesses in the world. The people are great. Coming to work every day is like a party. Man, one big crazy party."

Vinnie took out his bank card.

"But..." he said, pausing for effect. "This party pays. Big. Does anyone doubt how rich I am? Does anyone want to go to an Instant-Teller and check on my balance? Huh?" No one volunteered. "So you all believe me. Good. Let me tell you about myself." Vinnie opened up even further.

"I used to be a loser," he admitted, candidly. Vinnie pointed to various people in the audience. "You're not happy, are you? Are you? What about you? That's why you're here. Because something has gone wrong in your life and you have to start over. Same thing with me. My marriage had busted. No money. Something was wrong. I came here, broke, but now... hey, I'm wearing a forty-dollar tie."

He lifted up his expensive tie. People clapped. Vinnie, very serious, told us to hush.

"If you don't want to become rich, please leave. If you don't want to make a lot of money while having the best time of your life, please do yourself a favor, do us a favor and leave. If you are scared to become a millionaire while helping to save the planet... hey, the door's open."

Now, of course I had my doubts. But I knew one thing: no matter how bizarre this business seemed, someone, somewhere, was making money off it. "Loosen up," I told myself. "Dare to be rich."

When he saw that no one was leaving, Vinnie turned into a cheerleader.

"All right! so everyone who is

still here, you're dedicated to making lot of money, right?"

The audience applauded like grandmothers being tossed hard candies. No one knew what the hell he was talking about, but we were all together in a grand adventure! I had never loved anyone more than I loved these strangers.

"Shake the hand," Vinnie said. "Shake the hand of the person sitting next to you and congratulate him upon becoming rich."

A good-looking jock-type was sitting next to me. "Congratulations," I said. "Thank you," he replied. I waited but he didn't congratulate me.

Vinnie turned to Mr. Ray. "I think this group is the best ever. Seriously. These guys want to make money. Yes they do."

Mr. Ray graced us with his evil hamster smile. "Enough information for now," he said curtly. Why don't we break for lunch?"

While walking to the exit, I looked for a cynical face. Couldn't

find one. One guy looked vaguely doubtful. I asked him, "What do you think? (Low whisper; I didn't want to get turned in). The guy looked at me as if he was Sergeant Carter and I was Gomer Pyle.

"What's not to believe? Vinnie showed us his bank card, didn't he?"

The afternoon orientation had multi-colored diagrams and extensive flow charts which illustrated different paradigms of success without mentioning what we would have to do to make the money. "\$10,000. \$30,000. \$90,000" read one graph.

With one hour to go, Vinnie finally whispered the key words:

Water filters.

The crowd responded with a collective "Huh?" Some schmuck asked, "Are we going to be selling them?"

Once again, Vinnie was offended. "No. You're not going to be selling them. Do I look like a salesman? Mr. Ray, do you believe this guy?" Mr. Ray shook his head in a sad fashion.

"But..."

"All of your questions," Vinnie said, "Will be answered tomorrow."

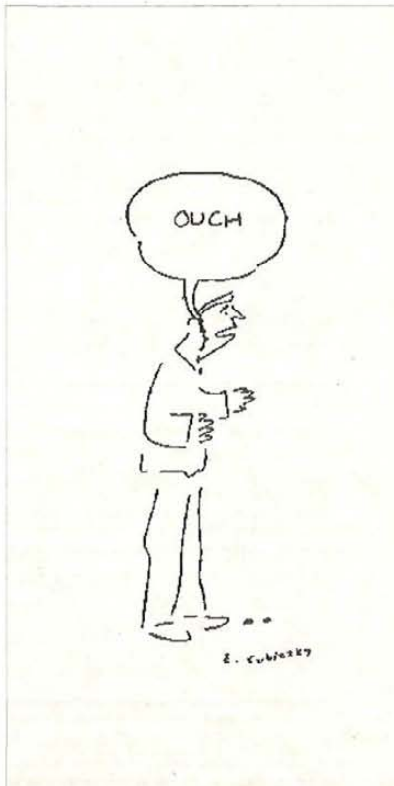
The last thing Vinnie did was caution us not to talk about our new careers with friends or family: "They won't understand. They'll think it's some kind of rip-off. They won't understand because they weren't here. Just tell them, 'I'm gonna make \$20,000 a month.' Then they won't ask you any questions.

"Who's going to dream about becoming rich tonight? Come on. Come on. Clap if you want to become rich."

The audience responded in a predictable fashion.

While driving home, I was nine-tenths sure that this was a crock. But that last tenth was hanging on with both hands. "Dare," I reminded myself. "Dare to be rich."

(Actually, technically, I didn't



drive home. My car had died in the parking lot [bad battery] and I had to get towed. Perhaps it was a sign from God, telling me not to come back for the second day).

Well, God should have been more specific, for I returned in a friend's car. We had a brief recap "Who hates B.S.? Who wants to be rich?," saw some more charts and films and finally, around 12:30, we learned how you make money off of water filters without selling them: You get OTHER people to sell them.

"Networking," Vinnie said. He showed us a diagram," a bunch of arrows flying out of some guy's house and winding up all over the globe. "Networking is how you succeed in the nineties."

Mr. Ray and Jorge, the fellow who interviewed me originally, quickly started passing out pieces of paper. I nodded to Jorge; he looked at me as if I were gum under a desk.

"Make a list of your closest friends," Vinnie said. "You're going to be calling them tonight."

The conversation would go something like this:

Aron: Hello, Elmo. It's Aron
Elmo: Aron! Hi! How are

you?

Aron: Just fine, fine. Did you catch the game the other night?

Elmo: Oh, yeah. That was some game.

Aron: Wasn't it?

Elmo: Oh, yeah.

Aron: Anyway, Elmo. I've got some really gib news.

Elmo: What?"

Aron: I'm starting my own business.

Elmo: You're kidding. Doing what?

Aron: Selling water filters. In today's polluted world, people need water they can trust.

Elmo: Do they?

Aron: Of course they do. Now Elmo, can you do me a favor?

Elmo: I don't have much cash. (Aron laughs).

Aron: Oh Elmo. I wouldn't call you up to ask you for money. Come on. All I want you to do is try one of the water filters, okay? Just tell me if you think it's a good deal.

Elmo: That's all I'd have to do? Just try it? I wouldn't have to buy it?

Aron: Of course not, Elmo. I wouldn't do that to you.

Well, actually, I would do that to Elmo. His water filter would be accompanied by fine print which would, in fact, obligate him to buy the \$150 water filter. Joke's on Elmo.

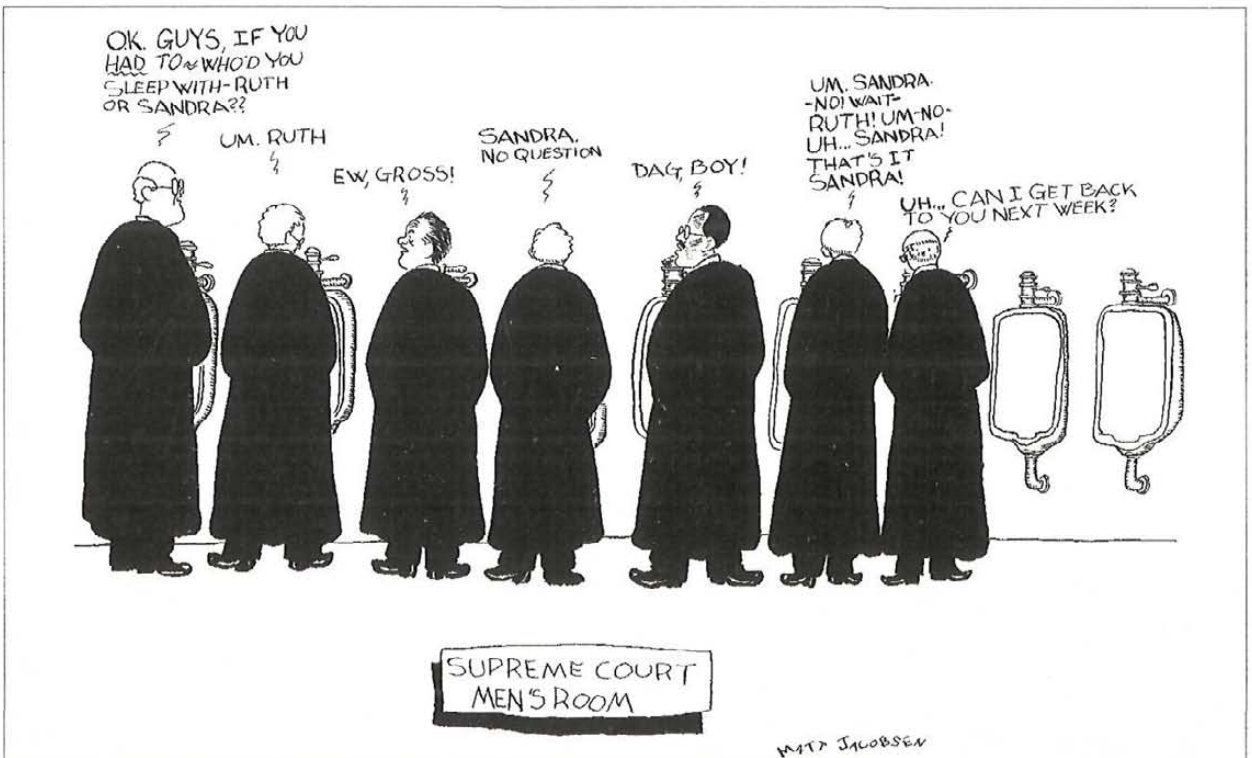
Vinnie: But he will thank you. He will. Because, I guarantee, whatever your friend is doing for work now, he is not making no \$20,000 a month.

And Elmo would be so impressed with his water filter that he would call HIS friends, say HE was starting his own business, and ask if THEY want to "try" a water filter.

Clap, clap, clap. The people in the audience imagined their friends' joy.

That was it for me. Tricking some fool over the phone is one thing. But if you cheat and antagonize your friends, who are you going to borrow from the next time you're broke? So, on my list, I wrote down Jack Benny, Fred Allen, and Christine Jorgensen (a 1950s transsexual), put my ex-landlord's name and number where mine were supposed to go, and handed it in.

My friend needed her car that night and I wanted to leave before it got dark. By 4:00, the meeting had broken into smaller groups — people



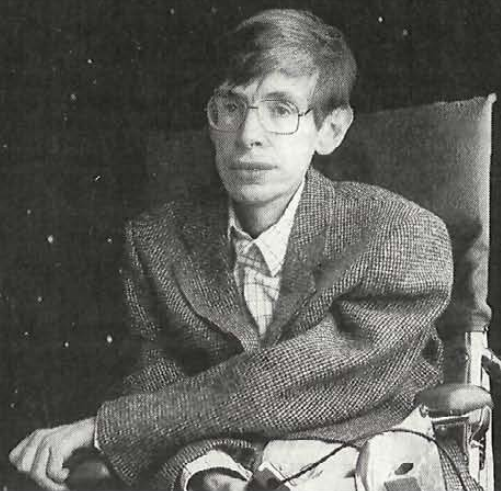
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were evaluating the phone lists. I thought it would behoove me to leave before mine came up in the conversation.

I walked to the exit. And I saw my mentor, Jorge. He was a little friendlier now.

"Hi Arnold."

"Aron."

"Aron. Hi! Where are you going?"

"Home. I borrowed a friend's car, and I have to return it."

"But can't you stay? We're almost done."

"I wish I could. I'm REALLY interested in the program."

"If you're so interested, why are you leaving?"

He was smiling, smiling, smiling as if he had extra teeth.

"My friend wants her car back."

"Is she a good friend of yours?"

"She's okay."

"Wouldn't she want you to make \$20,000 a month?"

"Yeah, I guess, but she needs her car back."

Jorge, a man of action, taking charge of the situation, walked to the phone.

"What's her number?" he asked.

"What?"

"I can call her and tell her you're going to be late."

"I don't know her number."

"What's her name?"

"She's unlisted."

(It reminded me of the beginning of "Planet of the Apes," when Charlton Heston first sees the monkey riding the horse and says, "Hey, it ain't gonna be easy getting out of here.")

"Look," I said. "I really have to get going."

"Don't you want to make a lot of money? What's wrong?"

"I have to return her car."

Another associate walked over smiling.

"What's the problem?"

"Arnold (skip it) has to leave early."

Associate: "Where do you live?"

"West L.A.," I said. "Near Beverly Hills." (Actually, in a slum near Beverly Hills).

The associate smiled: "I can give you a ride home."

The associate was a very cute

woman, so I thought about it for a while.

Then, I remembered. "I don't need a ride home. I have a car."

"So, what's the problem?" she asked, smiling. "Please."

Well, she did seem to like me, and another hour wouldn't make a difference. But...

"Ah. I'm sorry. I have to leave now."

This went on a bit longer. Finally, I promised them I would go to the next meeting. "I'm very interested," I said. "But I've still got a few questions."

"All of your questions," Jorge responded, "will be answered at the next meeting. We'll see you."

"You bet."

Driving home, my only consolation was that, some day, my rat bastard of an ex-landlord would be awakened from one of his frequent naps by someone who wanted to sell a water filter to a 1950s transsexual.

I enjoyed the rest of my premium peanut butter. And when the jar was empty, it was back to the generic brand: extra smooth and extra cheap.

♪



TRUE FACTS

The following stuff is True .

The following is an excerpt from the Sitka Daily Sentinel Police Blotter as quoted from the Anchorage Daily News:

* Dec. 24: At 4:42 p.m., a man was reported sitting in a vehicle with one of the wheels missing on Alice Island. Police found the man was waiting for the driver to return from calling for a tow truck.

* At 6:51 p.m., a Lake Street woman said someone was trying to enter her home through the door and window, but police found no sign of an attempt at entry. Later, neighbors reported they were banging on their plumbing and the woman may have mistaken the sound.

* Dec 27: At 12:12 a.m., a resident reported a man wearing a black sports jacket was prowling around outside the trailer. The woman later realized the man was a friend whom she did not recognize at first." (Contributed by Mike Flemming)

Swallows, Wright

Kim Raquel Swallows and Robert Craig Wright exchanged wedding vows in a 2 p.m. ceremony on July 30 at the Eastside Kirtland Air Force Base Chapel.

The bride is the daughter of Kathleen M. Swallows of Honolulu. The groom's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Keith Wright of Northville, Mich.

Gina Swallows and Deidre Montaño, sisters of the bride, were attendants. Keith Wright, the groom's father, was best man.

The couple spent their honeymoon in Telluride, Colo. and Durango, Colo.

They are making their home in Rio Rancho, where the bride is a homemaker and the groom is a technical sergeant of Life Support serving in the United States Air Force.



Mrs. Wright

Senator Slips Pork to City

■ Tarky Lombardi kept a \$600,000 grant to Syracuse under wraps until the state legislative session adjourned. He was afraid Cuomo might kill the measure.

By LUTHER F. BLIVEN
Albany Bureau

A surprise \$600,000 legislative grant for the city of Syracuse will be unveiled today by state Sen. Tarky Lombardi at a news conference in Syracuse.

The previously unannounced allocation was tucked away in one of the last-minute budget cleanup and supplemental spending bills passed by lawmakers in the closing hours of last week's windup meeting for the 1992 legislative session.



File photo

State Sen. Tarky Lombardi got a windfall for Syracuse.

The grant was so closely guarded that some Syracuse-area legislators won't know they voted for it until Lombardi's news conference today. The Syracuse Republican kept the appropriation secret until the legislative session was over for fear Gov. Mario Cuomo would get wind of the allocation and ax it before lawmakers left town.

The money will help ease Syracuse through a major fiscal crisis that has plagued Mayor Tom Young for months and which could have resulted in a sizable budget deficit by the end of the year.

The city's award-winning "Safe Streets" program was used as the hook on which to hang the \$600,000 allocation.

"The monies would be used to continue the city's highly successful 'Safe Streets' or 'Team

Oriented Policing' program, which is now operating in city neighborhoods," Lombardi said. Officers in the program operate out of a trailer that moves to different neighborhoods to help residents solve problems involving crime, housing and social services.

The \$600,000 grant will free up city money now used for the police program to finance some thing else, Lombardi said.

The senator said the \$600,000 replaces a similar amount Young had expected to receive from a proposed horse-racing theater. The city had asked Syracuse-area legislators to sponsor a bill authorizing a public referendum on the theater. The first \$416,000 of betting revenues from the theater were to be earmarked for the art:

(See LOMBARDI, Page A-4)

Several outraged visitors demanded their money back from a Memphis, Tennessee, zoo exhibit called *Dinosaurs Live!* Apparently, the dissatisfied visitors felt disappointed after discovering that the exhibit had a misleading title.

"We thought when we opened we would have kids who would be frightened by the dinosaurs," Said Ann Ball, a zoo vice president. "But little did I know I would have adults who didn't know dinosaurs were dead."

The exhibit featured moving mechanical replicas of dinosaurs.

"In a way it's amusing," Said Ball. "People have watched too much Fred Flinstone." AP (Contributed by David Norin)

Dr. Glenn D. Warden, chief surgeon at the Shriners Burns Institute, was charged with misconduct after it was discovered that he had been using a marker to draw "happy faces" on the genital

area of patients. The San Jose Mercury News reported that "Warden drew a 'happy face' on a man's genitals and a woman's lower abdomen, saying it was an attempt to ease their tension over surgery. He said the patients and their families had consented." (Contributed by James C. Smith)

Six children testified about allegations that their Riverside, California dentist had both verbally and physically abused them. Dr. James Ellenberger, 50, who denies these allegations, faces possible revocation of his professional license. One seven-year-old boy who testified said that during a root canal the dentist showed him a picture of a dead woman with an ax in her neck and said, "I murdered her...If you don't shut up and sit down, it'll happen to you, too."

Under further questioning, the boy also testified that while being strapped to the dental chair, the dentist had slapped him, used profanity, and scratched his forehead with a needle. Arizona Republic (Contributed by Kevin J. Fellman)

Justice Guy Kroft acquitted a man accused of sexually assaulting his former common-law wife with a carrot after failing to find the woman's testimony "reliable or even honest." Kroft said he didn't doubt that the carrot was used, but that he wasn't convinced that the defendant intended harm. According to the Winnipeg Sun Times: "Defense lawyer Jay Prober argued his client used the carrot after the woman asked him to 'get something hard and put it in her.'"

FROM THE ATLANTA JOURNAL CONSTITUTION: Police arrested a man after finding a condom in his wallet, a newspaper reported Friday. The arrest prompted Family Planning Association medical director Sriyani Basnayake to write a letter to the police advising that "condoms are not a security threat." But police were skeptical. "Why would anyone want to carry a condom in his wallet, unless of course he was up to some mischief?" the state-owned Daily News quoted a police officer as saying." (Contributed by Scott McDaniel)

Man beats off bear to save his friend

By SUSAN DUNCAN
Daily News City Editor

A forestry worker who beat a black bear off his partner Tuesday and then helped the wounded man run a kilometre to safety downplayed his heroism today.

"At first, I didn't know what to do. It flashed through my mind to run," Pritchard resident Stan Thiessen said. "I wondered, 'If I hit the bear, now is it my turn?'"

He took the risk, picked up a stick and started beating on the bear that had

Animal control officers get new guns /Page A3

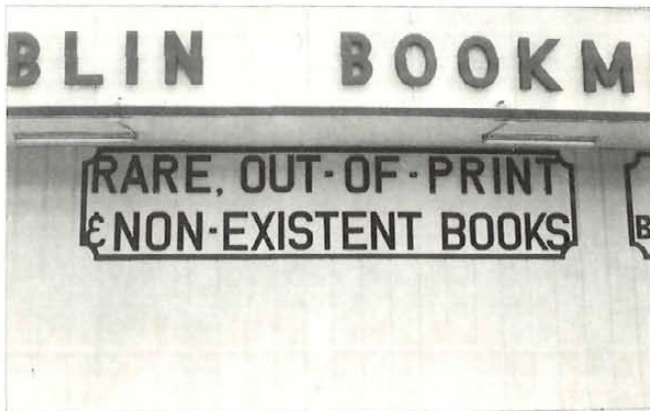
Proppe, 24, pinned to the ground by the neck.

"I don't know. I just grabbed a stick and started whaling on it. It turned around and looked right at me."

The terrifying incident began in the woods about 1 p.m. near North Barriere Lake.

Proppe, a Barriere resident, and Thiessen were staking out an area for logging when Thiessen spotted a bear below him. He said

Page A2, BEAR





Dr. and Mrs. Donald Dickman

Cockman-Dickman

Carrie Anne Cockman, formerly of Davenport, and Dr. Donald G. Dickman, Cheyenne, Wyo., were married May 29 at St. John's Church, Creighton University, Omaha, Neb.

Their attendants were Maureen Maley, Maureen Mullin, Julie Stockert, Peggy Dickman, Pam Dickman, Kari Greguska, Troy Peterson, John Sammis, Ben Lass, Chris Cockman and Joe Cockman.

Sean Michael Dahl, a 24-year-old student at Whatcom Community College in Bellingham, Washington, accidentally shot and killed himself while demonstrating to a friend how safe guns are.

Portland Police Bureau spokesman Henry Groepper said Dahl was in a room with four other students, when one student commented that she was thinking of buying a gun for protection. Dahl then handed the student his .45 caliber.

"She was a little afraid of it, so she handled it carefully," Groepper said.

Dahl explained to the girl

that there was no reason to be scared. He, took the gun, cocked it, put it to his head and fired. He died immediately. (Contributed by Bob Allen)

An unidentified San Diego motorcyclist was cited for an equipment violation when SDPD agent John Dunbar and officer Mark McCullough noticed him pass by and sensed that something was awry.

Apparently the rider had fashioned a motorcycle helmet out of a plastic salad bowl and black electrical tape. The officers cited him for the equipment violation, but gave in to his plea not to take the helmet as evidence, since his wife needed it that night. The San Diego Union-Tribune (Contributed by Karen Filimon)

An unidentified Butte, Montana, man was operating a radial saw when he accidentally cut the thumb and fingers of his right hand off. The man, in shock, then watched his fingers fall to the floor, where the thumb was picked up and swallowed by his pet springer spaniel.

The dog was forced to throw up the thumb approximately 20 minutes later, and it was rushed along with the other fingers to surgery. All but one finger was reattached.

"The guy's embarrassed by all of this," the surgeon said. San Francisco Chronicle. (Contributed by Jon Kasky)

A 30-year-old man in

Kenmore, N.Y., made two consecutive, unsuccessful attempts at suicide by leaping from a fourth-story window. "In his first attempt Saturday morning, the man, had to take a running leap because those windows don't open" Police Capt. Emil Palombo said.

The man dove through a double-panel window, landing on the car, buckling the roof and doors and smashing its rear windows, Palombo said.

Although dazed and bleeding from facial cuts, the man got up and walked to the building's elevator, a witness told police.

Palombo said police believe the man suffered his most serious injuries in the second fall, when the car no longer absorbed the impact"

Palombo said people who make suicide attempts often try again, "but not in the time span of two-three minutes." -AP (Contributed by David Simonelli)

True Fact Editor Jason Ward's idea of storing the True Fact T-shirts in a trash bag has resulted in an unfortunate misunderstanding. For this reason we are unable to offer T-shirts in exchange for True Fact submissions. However, if your True Fact is used, you will receive a far more fulfilling gift; Your name in The National Lampoon. Now doesn't make a t-shirt seem worth its weight in snot?

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THE COURT JESTER

by Henry Kimmel

*THE CASES BELOW ARE THE TRUTH,
THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT...*

CAN'T SEEM TO LICK THAT NASTY HABIT

A British court fined a 29-year-old man and his 19-year-old girlfriend \$95 for lighting up cigarettes in the no-smoking compartment of a crowded London train. Prior to igniting their smokes, the couple had engaged in oral sex in full view of other passengers. Of course, it wasn't until the duo decided to cap off their session with the ubiquitous tonsil flares that fellow travellers were offended enough to complain. One would hope that with this verdict, they're satisfied, so to speak.

THEY HAVEN'T MAID LOVE

A Michigan couple sued a hotel claiming an employee accidentally walked in their room unannounced on their wedding night, interrupting the newlyweds while they were in the act of consummating their recent nuptials. The now un-coupled couple claim the incident has rendered their sex life dysfunctional and curtailed their sexual intimacy. It is anticipated that if this case goes to trial, it may be one of the rare instances when a plaintiff hopes the evidence *won't* stand up in court.

BUT HE KNOWS DAN QUAYLE PERSONALLY

A Jackson, Mississippi, court saw two consecutive lunacy commitment hearings in a single afternoon. The initial defendant insisted he was the President of the United States and threatened the judge and lawyers that they would be thrown in jail if he were sent to a psychiatric hospital. After the first hearing ended, the second defendant was brought in and questioned as to his perception of time, space, and reality in general. During the course of this inquiry, he was asked if he knew who the President of the United States was. The man scratched his head a moment and replied, "I can't recall the fellow's name... but I just met him out there in the hall!"

NOT HER OLD MAN ANY MORE

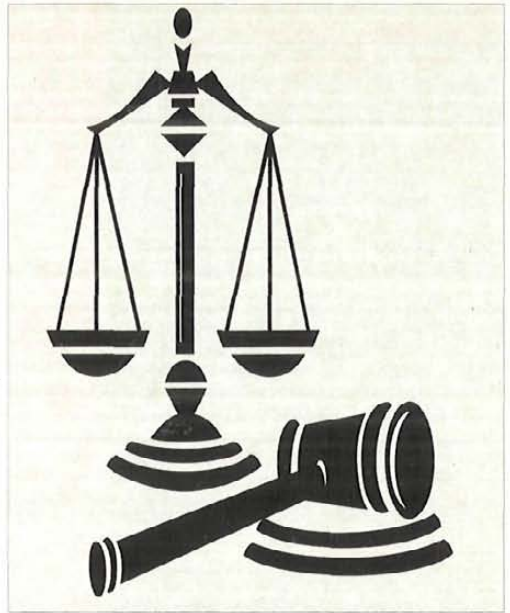
An 80-year-old Minnesota woman decided to divorce her new husband after a brief, four-month marriage. The couple had originally met when they were teenagers, but had decided to go their separate ways. Decades later, they reunited and hoped to rekindle their elusive romance of days gone by. Unfortunately, it wasn't quite the fairy tale they had envisioned. The disillusioned bride was asked why, in her twilight year, she saw the need for a divorce rather than living out the rest of her days with a male companion. The woman considered the possibility for a moment, then replied, "He's not the man I knew 70 years ago!"

TOO MANY THREE STOOGES RE-RUNS

A 56-year-old California man sued a convenience store, claiming he was left impotent by a fall he suffered inside the mini-market. The unfortunate fellow reported he slipped on a banana peel. No truth to the account that he was about to order a cone of soft-serve.

A REAL JACKASS

A French court ruled that one-time sex kitten Brigitte Bardot, now a militant animal activist, was right in acting to prevent the amorous advances of a neighboring three-year-old donkey toward her aging mare. The 58-year-old ex-sex goddess had the young donkey castrated. Observers wondered if the case might have been a particularly touchy subject for Bardot, pointing out that in French a "bardot" is a kind of mule, the offspring of a donkey and a horse. 🐴

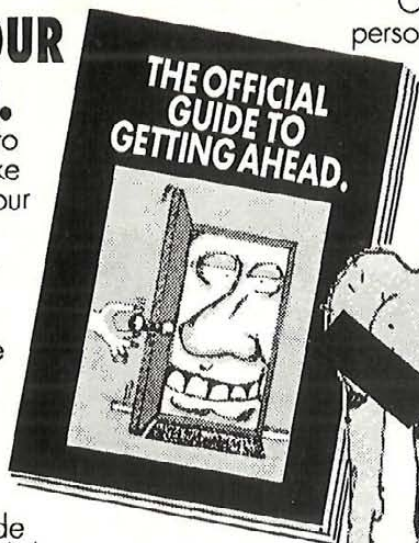


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Eye On Berkeley

by Mark Tarses

Correspondent Tarses risks life and limb to bring you the truth from Northern California

BERKELEY CITY OFFICIAL SENTENCED TO DIE

Enrique Zambrano, a Berkeley Waterfront Commissioner, has been sentenced to die in the gas chamber for the 1988 murder of another Berkeley Waterfront Commissioner, Luis Renya.

Renya was shot, beheaded, and his hands cut off. His headless body was found in the city of Lafayette, about 5 miles from Berkeley. His head and one hand were found several miles away. The other hand has not been found.

While Zambrano admits that he was with Renya when he died, Zambrano claims that he did not kill Renya--but that Renya accidentally killed himself.

The judge and jury did not believe Zambrano's story. Zambrano is appealing.

MANHOLE COVERS?

The Berkeley City Council has decided that, in the future, manhole covers are to be called *manhole covers*, reversing the previous decision by the Council that they should be called *personhole covers*.

The advocates of calling them *womanhole covers* are hoping to get the Council to reconsider this issue again.

The two principal candidates for Mayor in the upcoming election are on opposite sides of this burning issue. Mayor Loni Hancock, who will probably be running for re-election, supports *personhole cover*, while her opponents, Councilwoman Shirley Dean, says, "*Personhole* is not an acceptable de-sexed word."

THE TONE DEAF CHOIR

Berkeley High School is the only public high school in the U.S. with a choir for students who are completely tone deaf.

The Tone Deaf Choir performs free concerts around town for those who enjoy listening to their caterwauling. The group would like to get offers for paid concerts, but as

DOESN'T IT JUST TICK YOU OFF WHEN... You tie your expensive athletic shoes real **TIGHT** so they fit, but instead in a few minutes your feet feel **SQUEEZED** and you start to **LOSE ALL THE FEELING IN YOUR TOES.**

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of yet, there have been no bookings.

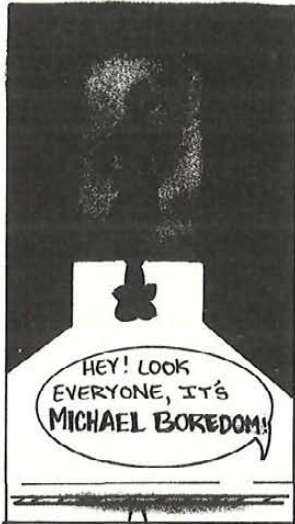
The Choir is not actively looking for musicians to accompany them. The choir recently turned down an offer by a pianist at U.C. Berkeley who claimed to be tone deaf, but was found to be able to carry a tune, and so was disqualified. ☺

MEET WOMEN WORLDWIDE!

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MICHAEL BORED OM.

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY MONTE MICHAEL MOORE



A HUSH SETTLES OVER THE PLAYERS AS THE KING OF PRODUCT ENDORSEMENT STEPS ONTO THE PLAYING COURT...



2 SECONDS LATER



THE GAME BEGINS..

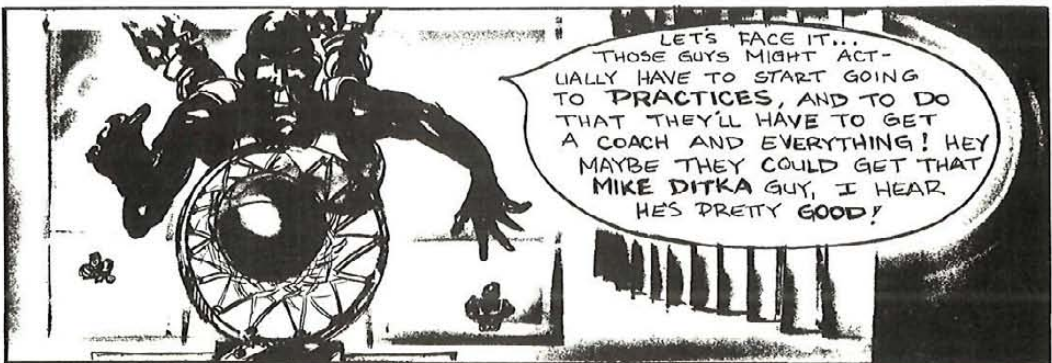




MICHAEL SCORING BORED BOYS
Boredom

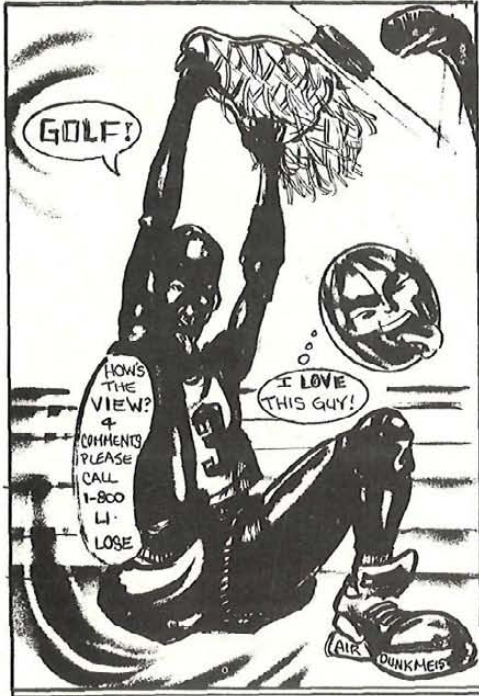
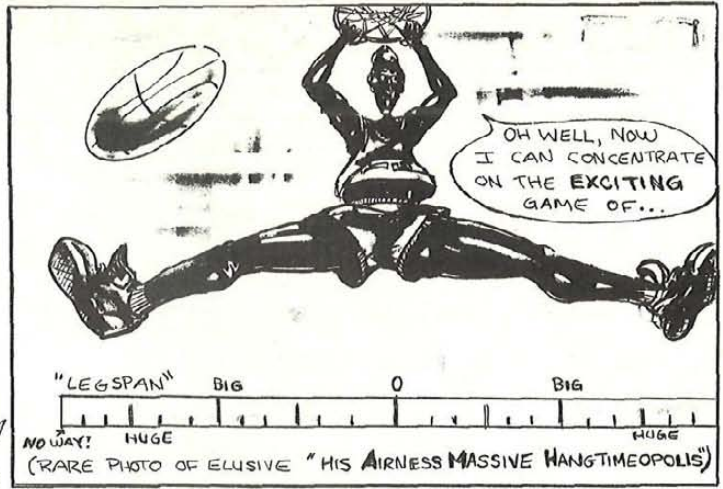


MICHAEL SCORING BORED BOYS
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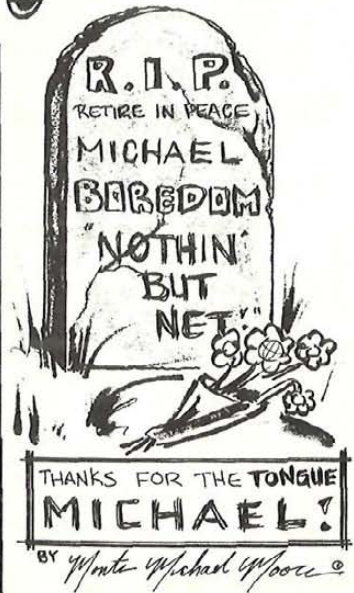




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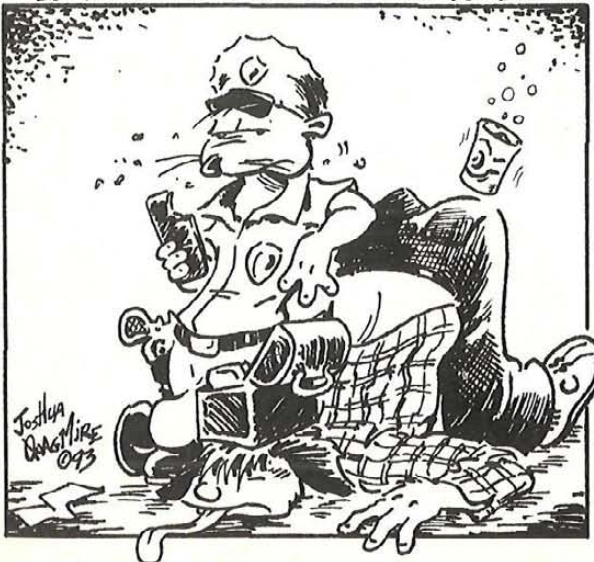




SUSPECTING THAT THEY WERE ALSO TERRORISTS OR DOGNAPPERS... I CONTINUED TO QUESTION THEM UNTIL 11:45... WHEN...



12 NOON... I TOOK TIME OUT FOR LUNCH...



...THAT AFTERNOON I WORKED TRAFFIC DETAIL...



JUST ANOTHER TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF OSSIFER WEASEL...

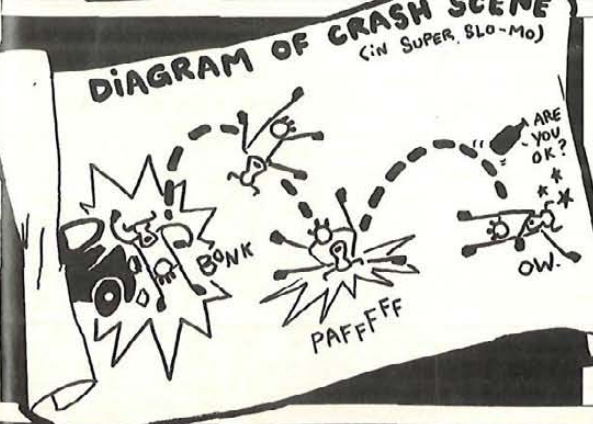
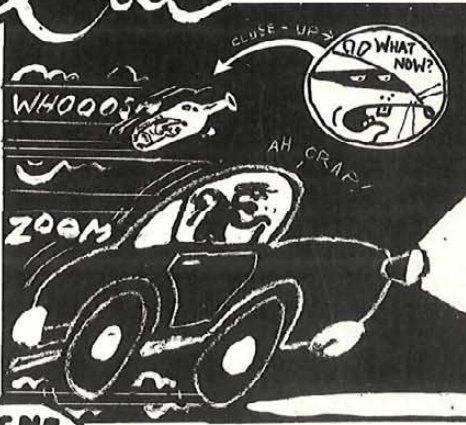
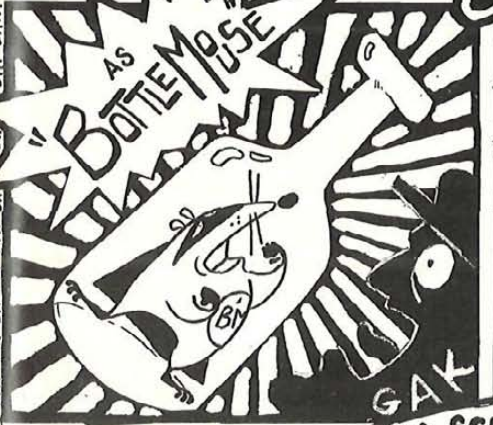
BOTTLE MOUSE & COWMAN

IT WAS THURSDAY AGAIN, AND AGAIN I HAD...

CRAWLING INTO THE BOTTLE.....EATING THE RADIOACTIVE CHEESE.... AND GROWING.



AND I USE MY NEW POWERS TO FIGHT CRIME.....



DRAWN BY: JEFF FROST

© 1993

WRITTEN BY: JOHN FROST

Step-Da-Da
BY R.J. IRELAND

IN
A MAN'S MAN

JUST GIVE ME SOME LOVIN', BABY

HEY STEP-DA-DA. SIGN MY REPORT CAR. I GOT ALL A's!

I KNOW I'M SPECIAL

ALL A's, HUH? HERE'S MY FIVE KNUCKLE SIGNATURE. ENJOY.

POW!

1993

CAUSE God DON'T MAKE NO JUNK

I'M JUST TOUGHENING YOU UP, BOY! TEACHING YOU HOW TO BE A MAN... LIKE YOUR STEP-DA-DA.

NOW, WHERE DOES MEMAW KEEP THE DOUGH? I'M GETTING A POWERFUL ITCH THAT'S BEGGING FOR AN 80 PROOF SCRATCH. ...DON'T YOU EYEBALL ME, BOY.

A MARINE SNIPER IN THE NAM, NOTHING CAN ESCAPE STEP-DA-DA'S TRAINED MARKSMAN EYE.

RANGE 100 M

POUNDER'S PROOF FIBER

GOD BLESS THIS HOME

PAYDIRT!

BAR

TED'S BOOZE N' CROOZE

NO ONE UNDER 21

HOT DIGGLETY DAMN! NOT EVEN NOON YET. TIME TO GET HAPPY.

HUBBA HUBBA

YOU AGAIN.

TED

DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR LIP, BAR KEEP. I'VE GOT MONEY AND PLENTY OF IT.

GIMME A BOTTLE OF YOUR BEST BOURBON AND FOUR PACKS OF KOOLS.

HEY BABY!

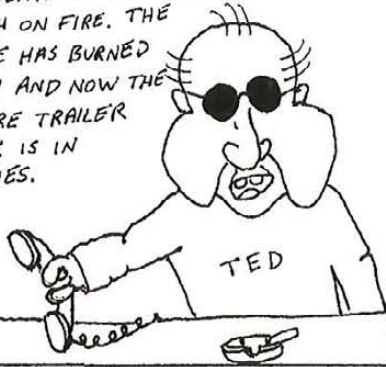
HIT ME. MAKE THAT A DOUBLE.

SLAP!!

GIMME A BEER AND A SALTY DOG

COWBOYS BY 13 1/2? I'LL TAKE THAT FOR 50 BUCKS!

HEY MAC. SOME WOMAN NAMED MEMAW WANTS TO TALK TO YA. SHE SAYS ONE OF YOUR CIGARETTES MUST HAVE ACCIDENTALLY SET THE COUCH ON FIRE. THE HOUSE HAS BURNED DOWN AND NOW THE ENTIRE TRAILER PARK IS IN FLAMES.



HANG UP ON HER. I DON'T KNOW ANYONE NAMED MEMAW....



A FRIGHTENING REALIZATION.

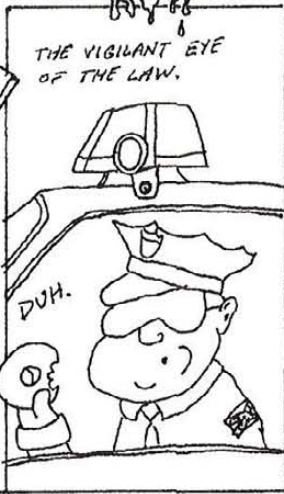


WAIT... FIRE? HOUSE? OH, GOD! MY BOWLING TROPHIES ...MY PORN VIDEO COLLECTION. GOTTA SAVE 'EM!

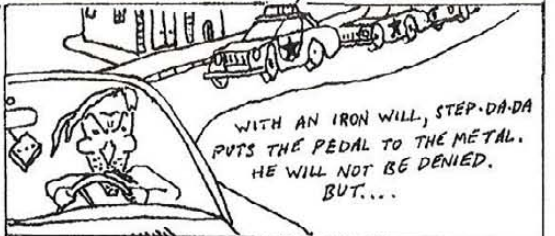
GOTTA SAVE 'EM, HIC.



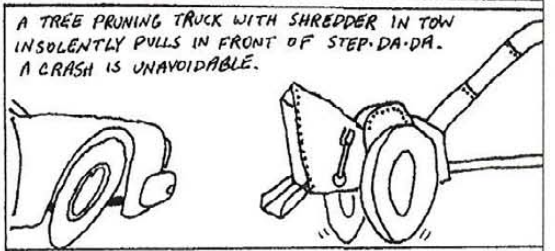
THE VIGILANT EYE OF THE LAW.



WITH AN IRON WILL, STEP-DA-DA PUTS THE PEDAL TO THE METAL. HE WILL NOT BE DENIED. BUT...



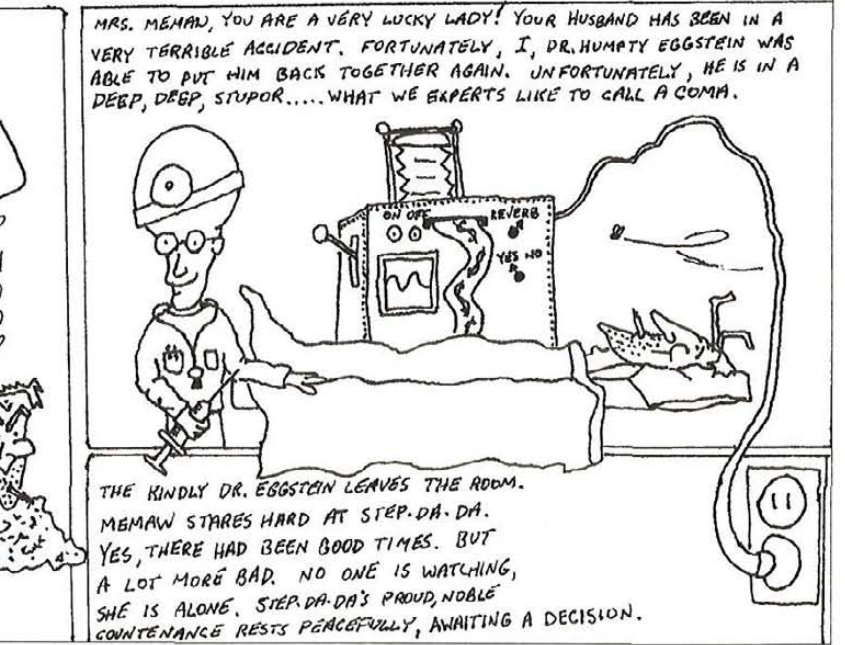
A TREE PRUNING TRUCK WITH SHREDDER IN TOW INSOLENTLY PULLS IN FRONT OF STEP-DA-DA. A CRASH IS UNAVOIDABLE.



OUT OF THE TRYING PAN... DAMN!



MRS. MEMAW, YOU ARE A VERY LUCKY LADY! YOUR HUSBAND HAS BEEN IN A VERY TERRIBLE ACCIDENT. FORTUNATELY, I, DR. HUMPTY EGGSTEIN WAS ABLE TO PUT HIM BACK TOGETHER AGAIN. UNFORTUNATELY, HE IS IN A DEEP, DEEP, STUPOR.... WHAT WE EXPERTS LIKE TO CALL A COMA.



THE KINDLY DR. EGGSTEIN LEAVES THE ROOM. MEMAW STARES HARD AT STEP-DA-DA. YES, THERE HAD BEEN GOOD TIMES. BUT A LOT MORE BAD. NO ONE IS WATCHING, SHE IS ALONE. STEP-DA-DA'S PROUD, NOBLE COUNTERTENANCE RESTS PEACEFULLY, AWAITING A DECISION.

YES!

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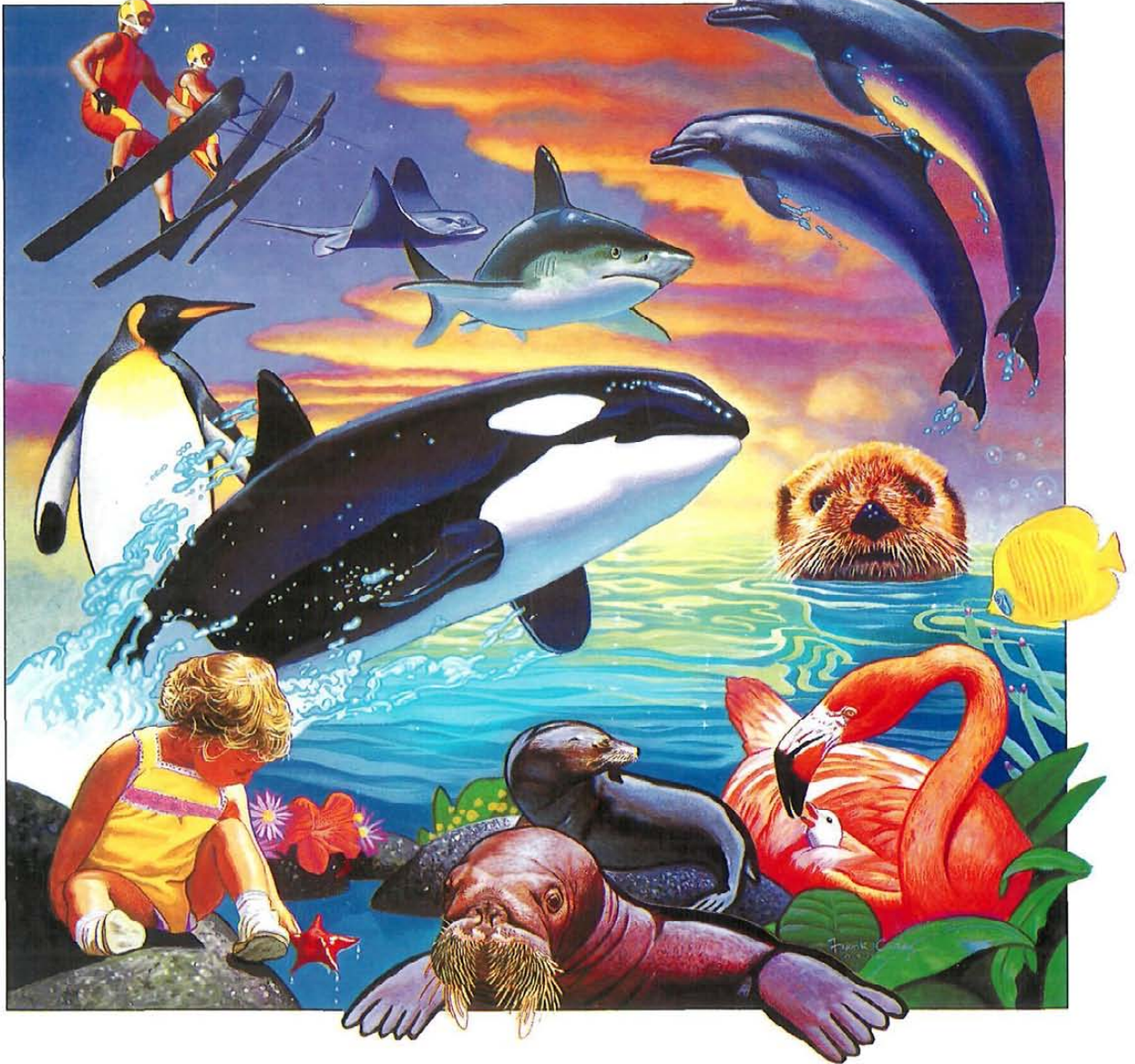
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you
got
the
right
one
Baby

uh
huh



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